

SEPTEMBER 22 — 28, 1979

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Eve's Weekly



FAMILY COURTS:

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PREETILATA:

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Woman Martyr

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Ranjeeta's
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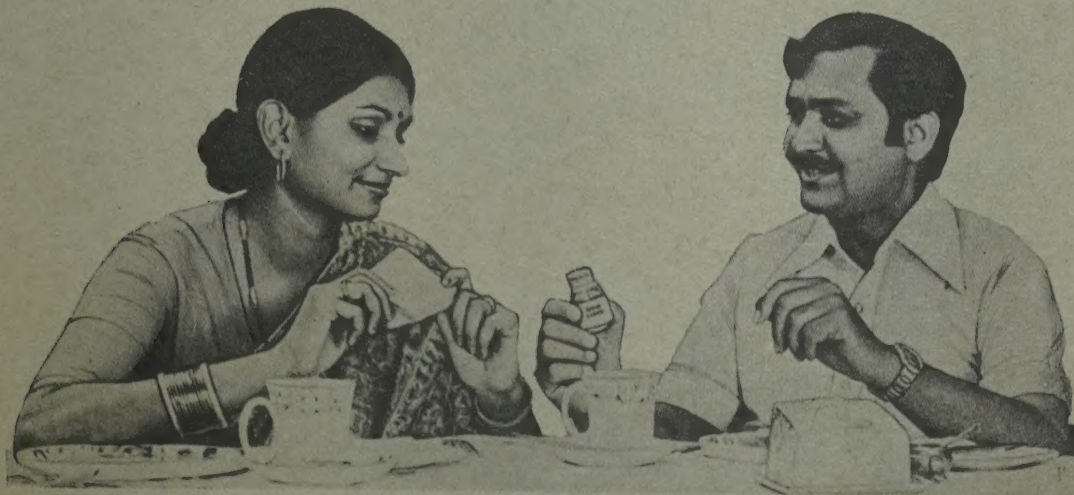


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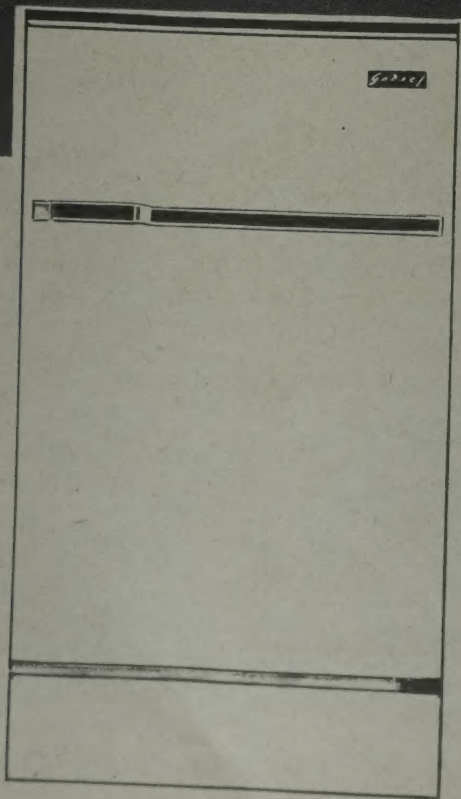


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KALPANA ROY

Born in Pune on October 12, 1960. Did her S.S.C. from Sitaram Prakash High School and is now a second year B.Sc. student of S.I.E.S. College, Bombay. Has travelled widely in India. Good at painting and playing bridge. Interested in electronics, music and modelling. Would like to take up computer programming after finishing college.

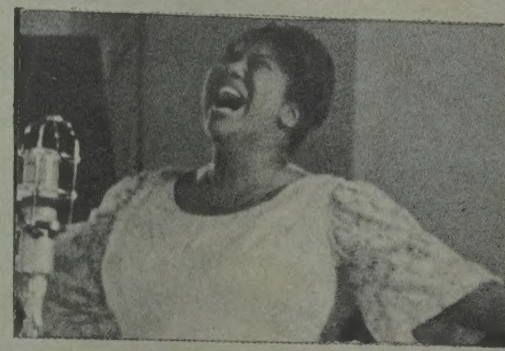
Photograph : Bharat Kewalramani

THIS WEEK

SEPT. 22 — 28, 1979

JAZZY WOMEN

Women have been active participants in the evolution and development of jazz from the very beginning. An assessment of their contribution to this popular form of music. Page 12.



POLICE BLINKERS

Even today, when public protests and media coverage has finally exposed the reality of dowry murders, many in the police still stick to the convenient theories of "accidental death" or "suicide". What is worse, even the women in the police reveal a depressing lack of sensitivity and concern for fellow women. Page 21.

FAMILY COURTS

The ways of our legal system being such as they are, most people are wary of approaching the courts, however serious their problem. Women, of course, are the primary sufferers. A move is, therefore, afoot to set up special courts to deal exclusively with familial matters. Page 17.

RECORDING POP

While many Indian pop singers have made it to national fame, few have made records. Artistes and representatives of recording companies explain the reasons why. Page 51.

ALSO

The First Woman Martyr in India : Preetilata Waddedar — Page 10 Film Interview : Poonam Dhillon — Page 15 Poppets on Parade — Page 25 Women in Focus : Srilata Khatre — Page 32 Wanted : Safe Drinking Water — Page 35 IYC Story : The Window — Page 39.

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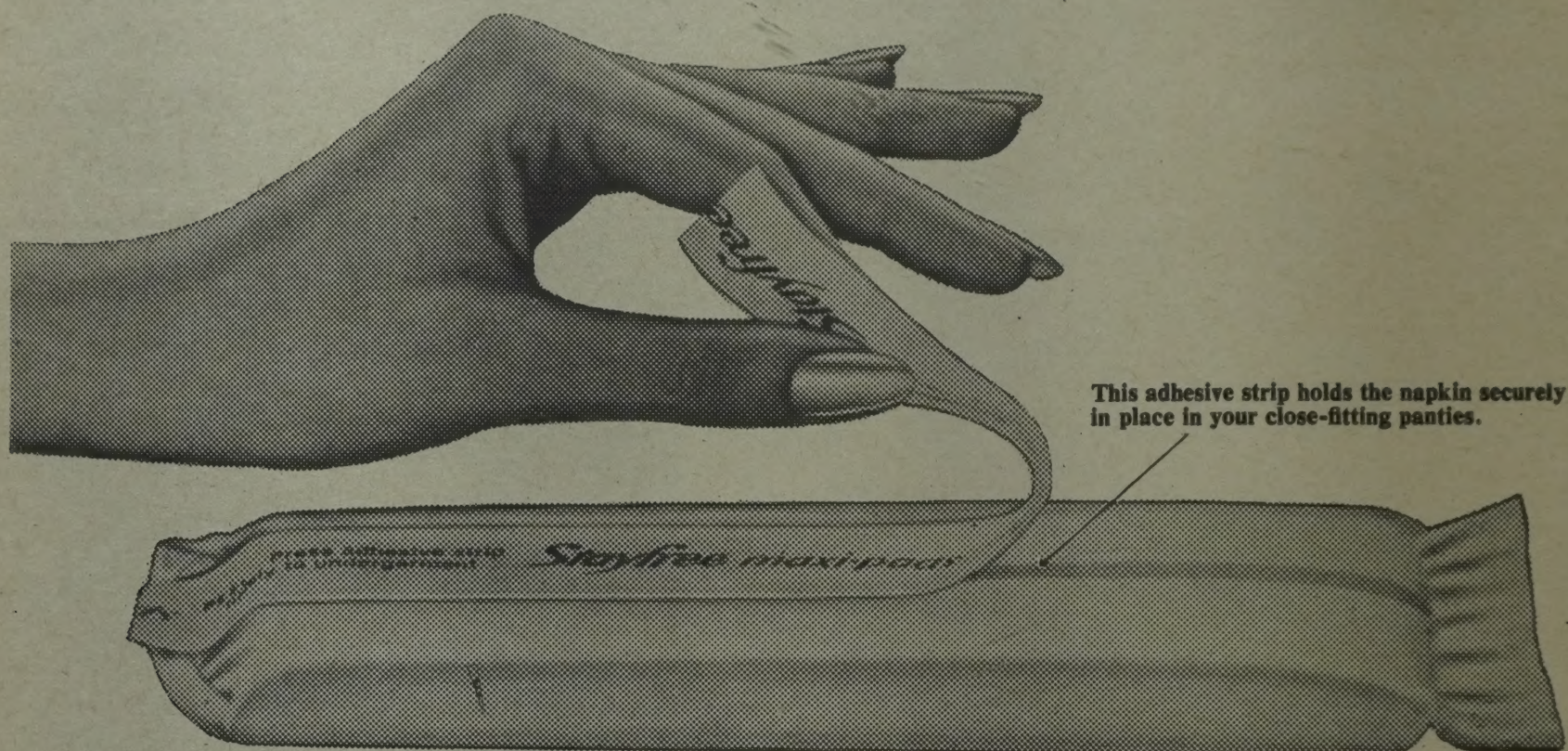
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YOUR PAGE

1st PRIZE

PREGNANCY FOR MEN

Man, himself a wonder of Nature, has achieved unimaginable heights of wonder and success by his unique foresight and hard work — the moon landing, his firm grip over death through heart transplantations, the creation of the test tube baby. All this is so laudable and beautiful. . . but, what is so fascinating and miraculous is that men can have babies! It has been proved that women can have children without wombs. Therefore, it has been concluded by scientists that men, too, can have Caesarean babies by artificial insemination.

If this amazing dream ever materialises, say even after a century, I can visualise the world as a much better place to live in. There will be more warmth, love and emotion among people than there is today. If man ever becomes a 'mother' he will understand woman more deeply, both biologically and psychologically. He will never treat her as a mere sex object and this will considerably bring down the rape crimes. He will abandon some of his harsh 'manly' traits and will treat women with more respect, understanding and tenderness. Secondly, family ties will be much stronger than now. It will not be easy for the man to abandon (which he does today so easily sans any scruples) his 'flesh and blood' all that effortlessly, for another woman or for insufficient dowry. Again, there need not be any unhappy marriages or divorces due to childlessness. If the wife is unable to bear children, the husband will be able to create them with the help of the implantation of his wife's egg. The family bond will be strengthened if both the husband and wife share the responsibility of bearing children. And family planning will become the order of the day, for man, too, will become aware of the birth pangs!

Certainly, 'motherhood' will completely wipe out the remaining traits of cruelty and chauvinism in man.

NEELAM DUTTA, Dehradun

All this seems too far-fetched just now, but you never can tell. We don't know if we'd be sorry over sharing our unique biological clout or elated that, at last, he'll be going through labour pains!

2nd PRIZE

J'ACCUSE!

Apropos Parimal Bose's letter (Eve's Weekly, August 11), I am a divorced woman, a mother of one son. Although I had a no-good, immoral cad for a husband and it was he who demanded the divorce, society rose up as one and pointed their accusing fingers at me. My every movement was watched, my mode of dress commented upon. In short, even if I walked down the road to post a letter, the act was imbued with mystery and scandal. A divorcee was considered no better than she should be. Although my son had been only eleven months old at the time of the divorce and his father had shown not the slightest wish for either sight or sound of the baby, I was accused of deliberately keeping apart father and son. It did not matter to society that the father cared not a jot for the son's welfare.

Then along came an angel in human form, who defied Society, lifted me out of the circle of mud-slingers, married me and vowed to bring up my son as his own. We moved to another city. But this being India, one place is as bad as another. I have formidable in-laws, who make it their duty in life to make me feel a husband-hungry woman, who wonder aloud why I had to trap their poor, unsuspecting boy when I had already experienced a married life and why I should expect him to spend money on the upbringing of my son. Though my acquaintances in

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this city can be counted on the fingers of two hands, most of the population know of me, such is the massive notoriety of a divorcee. Fortunately, for my sanity, I have a gem of a husband who cares not for gossip and who treats my son and me as his most prized possessions.

When will the mentality of Indians change to sympathise with the mental torture a divorcee goes through both before and after the event instead of branding her a filmi vamp?

MRS. S. C. NAIR, Trivandrum

What you have said Mrs. N. is a repetition of what countless divorced women have related to us. You are among the luckier ones — you have found an understanding man to look after you and your child. For you, then, there are all kinds of men. But for other divorced and abandoned women, there is only one kind of man. . .

3rd PRIZE

WESTERN LOGIC

How much is an Indian's life worth? Christ, the Prince of Peace, was sold for thirty pieces of silver. Criminals and political fugitives carry considerably more on their heads. The ordinary Indian is neither a saint nor a sinner and consequently his price it would seem, falls somewhere in between — a dollar a day to be precise, if the Boeing Company and Lloyds of London are to be believed. They have stated in a Washington Court that since an average Indian earns only a dollar a day, his life is cheaper than that of an American. Consequently any damages given to an Indian passenger who died aboard Air India's plane that crashed on New Year's day 1978, should not be computed on Californian standards!

Harsh immigration laws, racial discrimination, virginity

tests and now this arbitrary and inhuman evaluation of human worth — these have succeeded one another with bewildering rapidity in the West. Do they represent the sharp end of a wedge that will split us into two camps? Come on Westerners, we would like to know, where is your famed sense of justice, fairplay and decency?

LEELA RAMASWAMY
Bangalore

If it weren't so shameful and annoying, it would be laughable. We'd like to know if they really think dead Indians come cheaper by the dozen? Do they also believe that the dead person's father / mother / wife / son / daughter will weep less because he only earned a dollar a day? Do the British and Americans weep for their dead according to how much he/she was worth? Maybe they do!

'OILED' TRADITIONS

Amongst us, Saraswat Brahmins, it is a tradition, laid down by the purohits of by-gone days when cooking oil was cheap, to make "chaklis", "karanjis", "modaks" and five types of deep-fried bhajias for "Ganirpooja" and "Ganpati pooja". These savouries are expensive to make and have zero food value.

I am proud of my mother-in-law, 68 years old, who broke with tradition and decided not to make these fried items as the price of oil is really prohibitive. Taking a cue from her, a couple of her friends did likewise.

This letter is to focus attention on this aspect of our festival traditions and to encourage more women to follow her example — maybe the lack of demand on cooking oil will help to keep the price down.

MRS. SULBHA A. RAO, Pune

Yes, that's the only way! It is housewives alone who can do something about the prices. Let them get rid of useless traditions and they (and their families) will be the better for it.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

NEXT WEEK

THE VALUES OF ANOTHER AGE

Myths in Our Mythology (July 14) by Neera K. Sohoni brings out relevant points, although I do not agree with her. One should remember that our epics were written in another age and the characters behaved according to the then accepted code of behaviour. Our behaviour today may be severely criticised and condemned fifty years hence. Values keep changing.

The future generation need not grow up following old traditions. But they do have a right to know about them and about the myths surrounding Hinduism. We cannot and should not judge what has been handed down through generations and believed to be gospel truth.

VEENA ADIGE, Nagpur.

WOMEN IN SPORT

Indian sportswomen deserve more encouragement than they get. That encouragement is nicely given by Mr. Shirish Nadkarni in his column. By why does it appear so infrequently? It is good to read about Indian girls in sports rather than the usual stuff about cricket, that too male cricket, that appear in all the sports magazines. Only when given proper encouragement will our women come up in the world and beat th Americans, Germans and others.

Otherwise, we will always be known as a "gillidandu" nation, not good in anything else. Our government must spend money and then we will get the rewards.

L. R. PATHARE, Bombay.

You have asked the opinion of readers on the column 'Women in Sport' that you have been running for the last few months. I find the information given therein very interesting indeed. Your correspondent seems to scour the country and, indeed, all parts of the world to collect the little titbits of information that make the column so readable. My only request to you would be to have an interview in each issue with a top sportswoman.

NEELIMA BARVE, Bombay.

MAGNET THERAPY

I refer to the article "Magnetic Cures" by Kumud Mohan (July 28). The article leaves the reader wondering how magnetism can affect our bodies. According to present-day scientists, every cell in the body is an electro-magnetic unit having a magnetic field. One side of the human body consists of negative electro-magnetic forces and the other side, positive. A person is healthy when there is a balance in these forces. An upset in this balance produces a change in the magnetic field of the affected cells and causes illness.

The statement in the article that the north pole must always be applied to the right side and the south pole to the left is incorrect and misleading. The purpose of magnet-therapy is to restore the equilibrium in the body's disturbed bioelectrical (or magnetic) state.

Some diseased conditions (irrespective of the side affected) require the north pole and others, the south pole. Some magnets are marked "R" and "L", meaning "right" and "left". Such markings are misleading. Magnets can only be marked "N" and "S" meaning "north" and "south".

Magnet-therapy is a relatively new and specialized mode of treatment and, as in other modes of therapy, must be carried out under medical supervision. When incorrectly used, it can adversely affect cellular activity and give this system an undeserved bad name.

DR. NEVILLE S. BENGALI, Bombay.

ISSUE OF SEPT. 29

CONTRACEPTIVE CHOICES

The onus of family planning seems still to be very much on the woman, with most of the contraceptive methods designed to be used by her. A survey among a cross-section of women about their preferences.

MYTHS ABOUT VASECTOMY

To a vast majority of people, vasectomy is akin to castration and fears about possible consequences and effects make men wary of the process. Facts about vasectomy.

THE MIRAGE OF EQUALITY

Constitutional guarantees notwithstanding, men even today tend to be more equal than women. Unfortunately, the force of tradition has influenced women themselves so much that even educated, employed women, presumably aware of their rights, refrain from availing of them.

PLUS

A full-size paper pattern for a dustercoat.

It was the summer of 1931. I had been to Alipur Central Jail to interview a friend of mine. His capital punishment had been commuted to transportation for life. There was a young girl in her teens, who had come to interview Ramkrishna Biswas, a condemned prisoner in the Tarini Mukherji murder case. I was told that the girl visited him frequently, as his 'sister.' The girl looked very resolute for her age, but nothing more.

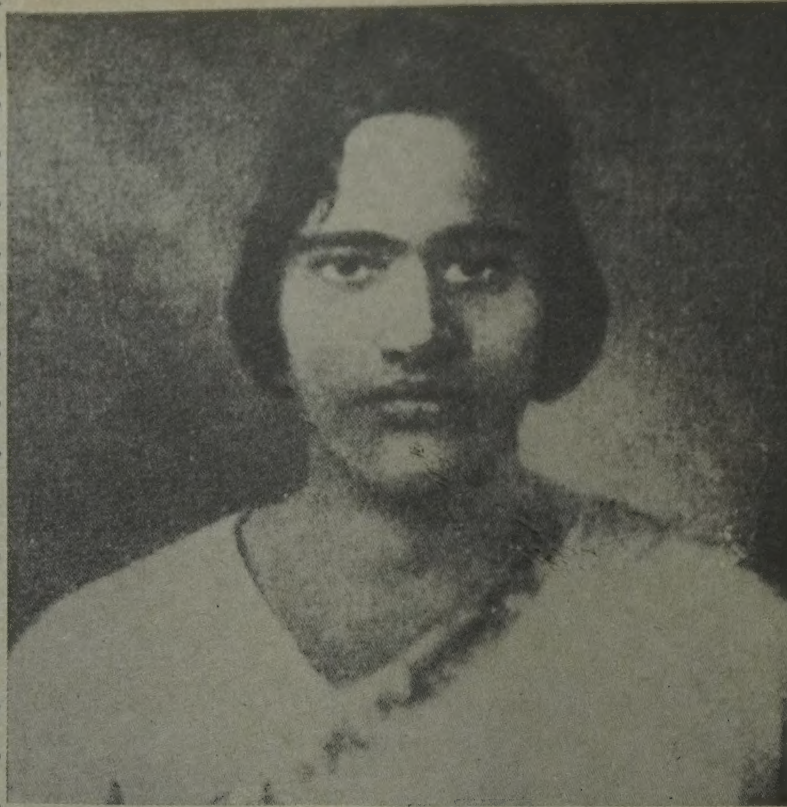
A few months later I was behind the bars myself though not as a convict. I was, like thousands of others, detained without trial for an indefinite period, suspected of revolutionary activity. We were provided with books and newspapers.

One fine morning the papers carried the sensational news of the successful raid on the European Club at Pahartali Hill-top in Chittagong. The leader was a woman who committed suicide after the incident. She was the first woman martyr of India, Preetilata Waddedar. The photo that appeared simply startled me. It was the same girl whom I had once seen at the jail gates.

Preeti was born in May 1911 of poor parents. She did not have any formal education at an early age. But she was so keen on learning that she used to overhear the tutor teaching her brother. The teacher was touched by her eagerness to learn and offered to teach her also. And Preeti proved her worth. In the Intermediate examination she was the first among the women candidates of the University. She passed her B.A. with distinction.

The young girl from Chittagong was sucked into the revolutionary movement in due course, and though she had never met that great revolutionary leader, Surya Sen (popularly known as 'Masterda') who, by then, had become a living legend, she was his ardent follower. The Chittagong Armoury Raid of April 30, 1930 and its aftermath had been the most outstanding achievement of the half century of revolutionary movement in India.

While in Calcutta, Preeti got instructions from Surya Sen, who was in hiding, that she should keep in touch with Ram Krishna Biswas, the revolutionary youth under the shadow of impending death. The ingenious young girl posed as a close relative, which she was not and sought and got regular interviews with the condemned revolutionary. But one fine morning when she went to the jail gate, she received the stunning



PREETILATA :

INDIA'S FIRST WOMAN MARTYR

Satyavrata Ghosh

news that Ram Krishna, her hero, had been hanged early that morning. She swore to wreak revenge on the alien rulers who had killed her idol.

She returned to Chittagong which now became her new field of activities. Very soon she joined the local Nandan Kanan Girls' School as Headmistress. One night, dressed as a man, she went to meet Surya Sen in his hide-out in Dhalaghat village. Kalpana Datta (now married to P. C. Joshi, the Communist leader) was her guide. On June 12, 1932 she was there when they suddenly found that the house was surrounded by armed police. They were actually on the point of sitting down for dinner at 8 p.m. The heavy sound of ammunition boots alerted them and they all went upstairs by an improvised ladder.

Capt. Cameron, who led the Police party, pushed open the door and was on the point of climbing up. Nirmal Sen, also there, shot him dead and held the fort single handed. He urged the others to leave the place by the back-door while he would keep the police party engaged.

A bullet from a Gorkha's rifle hit him, but he did not succumb before the three others, Surya Sen, Apurba Sen and Preeti, were on their way out. Apurba was the victim of another bullet shot in the darkness.

Preeti and her leader managed to effect their escape ultimately and reached Jaishthapura, a village four miles away, at midnight. It was the house of one Sushil Dey who was their party man. After a long discussion it was decided that Preeti should go back to her house in the town and pose to be a "good girl" for the time being. The police were not likely to suspect her complicity in the Dhalaghat incident and escape, for their information was that along with Surya Sen were three other men — Nirmal and two youths. Preeti had been dressed as a boy.

She was initially reluctant, but could not ignore the order of her leader. She had to come away, but only after obtaining an assurance from Surya Sen that she would soon be called back for action, some action which would be suitable revo-

lutionary revenge for the Jallianwalla Bagh massacre of April 13, 1918. Nirmal had this plan in his mind. Now that he had departed, Preeti would fulfil the leader's last wish.

She did return to the town, but only to face search and suspicion. For, the police had recovered from the tank at Dhalaghat a paper by Preeti in which she had written about her interviews with Ram Krishna. She soon realised that life was no more safe for her at home and implored the leader that she should be allowed to join him, and she did. For three long months she was moving about with 'Masterda' from village to village till D-Day came, the day of deliverance for her.

In fulfilment of an earlier wish of Nirmal Sen, Preetilata was entrusted with the leadership of an attack on the Pahartali European Club. It was September 24, 1932. Preeti and her comrades assembled at the hide-out of Surya Sen. She was dressed as a boy and others as coachmen. They touched the leader's feet for blessings. He wished them all well, and said, "Come back victorious." Her reply was cryptic "Victory will be ours. Your blessings will not go in vain. But my 'adieu' is for ever." In the excitement of the moment the import of her last words was lost.

It was about 10 o'clock at night. There was sound of dancing and music in the club. About 40 white men and women were busy at a whist drive. The club gate was guarded by alert Army men, but the young revolutionaries, dressed as coachmen all, could secure easy entry, being mistaken for the members' coachmen. Preeti made her entry, but by a back-lane. When all had taken their positions, Mahendra Choudhary and Sushil Dey threw the first two bombs on the dancing and noisy Englishmen and women. Preeti and others went on firing from revolvers.

There was consternation and confusion all over. The guards at the gate ran helter-skelter. For full 15 minutes and more the dozen young men led by Preetilata played havoc. It was all a one-sided affair. The 'brave' Britishers betrayed utter terror in the face of the determined attack by these dozen daredevils. Many of them were lying on the floor for safety. So only one European lady, Mrs. Sullivan, succumbed to her injury. A dozen more

Continued on Page 77



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MY FAIR LADY



FROM THE HOUSE OF

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They say that blues is a woman thing. The early blues songs formed the backbone of the jazz structure. The women who sang the blues and the female pianists created their own chapters of jazz history. They played a vital part in the development of jazz in the early days. They endured the miseries of the nightclub life, and travelled with the bands. There were good times and there were hard times too for these women.

Jazz originated with the Black slaves in America who sang their blues while they worked in the fields, and met on a Sunday afternoon in an open field, "Congo Square" in New Orleans, when they were granted a half-holiday to chant, stomp, shuffle and dance to melodies produced by bamboo tubes and to pulse-catching rhythms beaten out on huge cowhide tom-toms called 'bamboulas'.

After the abolition of slavery in 1863 a whole new musical world opened up for these freed Negroes. The African chants which were sung in the fields led to two divergent musical lines — a religious line called spirituals, in which they expressed their woes, struggles and hardships to God, and a secular line called blues in which they expressed their sentiments to the world.

The end of the American Civil War in 1865 saw the freed Negroes, who mostly played stringed instruments when they were slaves, learning to play wind instruments, like the horn. In the beginning, they played the hymns and marches familiar to them. Gradually they began to produce new and fantastic music on those horns. They played their 'own thing' which came to them so naturally.

The women took to singing blues and spirituals and playing the piano. They were also women bandleaders and composers.

Two women in the early years of jazz were pianists-cum-composers, Lil Hardin and Lovie Austin. The former married Louis Armstrong who was the second trumpeter in King Oliver's band in 1924 and composed tunes for her husband's own group "The Hot Five". Divorced in 1932, Lil continued to record and accompany blues singers until her death in 1971.

Lovie Austin formed a great jazz band in Chicago in the 1920s which played with leading blues singers of the era. She had a dashing life style, wore a leopard skin coat and drove a Stutz Bearcat with matching upholstery.



WOMEN, AND ALL

WOMEN HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH JAZZ SINCE THE VERY BEGINNING; THEY MADE THE MUSIC AND THEY PLAYED IT, AND THEY HAVE DONE AS MUCH AS MEN TO IMMORTALISE THIS UNIQUE MUSICAL FORM

Diogo A. Rodrigues

However, the best known blues singer of the era was Bessie Smith who was trained by "Ma" Rainey, a rough, powerful blues shouter in the 1920s. From 1924 to 1930, Bessie, a big lady with big appetites, in the words of the song, "Lived the life of a mil-

lionaire... drinking 'bootleg likker and champagne wine'. Then bookings fell off and she learned that "nobody knows you when you're down and out." She is still called the immortal Empress of the Blues among the women of jazz.

Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Anita O'Day, Bertha (Chippie) Hill, Dina Washington, Sarah Vaughan, Mahalia Jackson and Betty Carter were some of the best known female vocalists who played a vital part in the development of jazz in the early days. Sarah Vaughan performed at the White House with Dizzie Gillespie in 1977 and was warmly congratulated by the American President Jimmy Carter. Mahalia Jackson is still remembered in this country for her concert tour in 1972. One of her performances in New Delhi was graced by the former Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi.

Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald and Betty Carter still lead the jazz scene and head the jazz polls in leading music magazines today. Carla Bley and Toshiko Akiyoshi, besides being women pianists, are also successful women composers and arrangers.

The first Women's Jazz Festival was held in Kansas City, USA in 1978. One of the performing group was female pianist Marian McPartland. Another attraction was the Festival All-Stars' flutist/saxophonist Mary Fetting Park, trombonist Janice Robinson, guitarist Mary Osborne, pianist Lynn Milino and drummer Dottie Dodgion.

Evelyn Blakey and Celebration, an all-star women's vocal-instrumental jazz group from New York City, made their first European appearance at a jazz festival in Gothenburg, Sweden, in May 1979. The group consists of Eve-

lyn Blakey (vocals); Lois Slessinger (violinist); Lynn Milano (bass); Bonita Sargent (piano) and Paula Hampton (drums & vocals). The group had also performed in a concert "Salute to Women in Jazz" held in June '78 which was sponsored by the Universal Jazz Coalition in New York City.

Outside the United States, Flora Purim from Brazil emerged as the most sensational female vocalist. She was voted the best female singer for two suc-

Opp. Page: Mahalia Jackson

Below: Usha Iyer



THAT JAZZ

cessive years 1974 and 1975 in Down Beat polls and she would have completed a treble had she not been convicted for a drug offence which sent her to jail for a year and a half. She knows the voice control techniques by which she can modulate her voice to get different qualities of sound, and she has been able to extend her range, which was previously three octaves, to six octaves.

Another remarkable and dynamic female singer is Poland's Urszulla Dudzial who has proved quite popular in the United States and Europe.

While jazz practitioners abroad began to experiment and use folk music and songs from other countries in their compositions, no efforts were made to improve the standard of jazz singing and it had remained somewhat stagnant over the years. However, in

1975, Norway's top female jazz vocalist, Karin Krog, visited Bombay to find out the possibilities of using Indian classical vocal techniques in jazz singing. Trained by Hindustani classical vocalist Anima Roy from Bombay, this Norwegian jazz vocalist performed in the first jazz concert held in that year at a five-star hotel in South Bombay in connection with the launching of the non-profit organisation JAZZ-INDIA.

Again, last year in the first-

their careers. In 1972, Indian songstress Lata Mangeshkar was invited by her favourite jazz idol, the late Duke Ellington, the veteran jazz pianist, composer-arranger and big band leader, to visit the US and to sing for him on a jazz album, the music of which he was to especially compose and arrange. However, the singer's visit to the United States never materialised.

The same year, Asha Puthli, an air hostess from Bombay, winged her way to world fame as a female jazz vocalist. She was India's first international female jazz vocalist to sing "What Reason Could I Give" and "All My Life" on Ornette Coleman's jazz album released on the Columbia label, the lyrics of which were written by the noted alto saxophonist and composer himself. Subsequently, she has recorded a number of jazz albums. She has been performing and recording abroad frequently. In last year's Jazz Yatra 1978, she was one of the star attractions and regaled her listeners with a number of her hit numbers.

In 1973, an unknown female singer emerged on the music scene in Bombay. She was Usha Iyer, whom music critics described as a fabulous singer. With her pleasant manners, good showmanship and her ability to establish an instant rapport with her listeners, she instantly won the hearts of fans. Charitable institutions and organisations in the country sought her participation in concerts to raise funds for their various projects. Following her second marriage about five years later to a tea estate official in Calcutta, Usha was off the scene for a while. Then she made a come back but this time only to sing at night spots in the country to keep her in the public eye.

Early this year, when the Indian food festival was held in Nairobi, Usha was included as a member of the group comprised of ballet dancers and a sitar player. Wearing an Indian sari and holding a tambourine in one hand, she sang and danced on the stage to the shouts and screams of her fans in Nairobi.

Usha has recorded three albums, "Scotch & Soda", "Usha Sings" and "You Set My Heart On Fire" — the last one for which orchestration has been done by jazz organist/pianist Louis Banks from Calcutta. She also recorded her fourth album in Nairobi, "Usha in Nairobi",

during her visit there and is backed by three members of the Nairobi based "Fellini Five" — Massino Sperduti (keyboards); Pinto Sovitro (guitar) and Fausta La Veria (drums & percussion). Her latest album has been released by the Gramophone Co. of India Ltd.,

In the mid-70s, Radha Shotam had emerged as an excellent female jazz-rock vocalist. She has been singing in this country on the stage and at night spots in her husband Suresh's own jazz-rock group "Human Bondage". Trained in Indian classical music and vocal singing, Radha has been able to put her talents to good use in jazz singing. She was sponsored by Jazz-India to sing in the European Jazz Vocalists' festival where she made a very good impression.

Other notable jazz singing girls have been Ursula and Kitu (both daughters of the noted Indian jazz trumpeter Chic Chocolate), Lorna, who made a name in Chris Perry's band and Sandhya (Ambika) who got her big break with Emiliano D'Cruz and His Gay Caballeros a few years back. Sandhya who has been sponsored this year by Jazz-India to go on an European tour, will make a good impression with her singing talent.

Calcutta based Pam Crain is another excellent and talented female jazz vocalist, who has enthralled audiences in jazz concerts and at 5-star hotels with her beautiful voice. This British born singer has performed with most of the top band leaders in the country, most notable among them being Braz Gonsalves and Louis Banks. She had also performed in one of the jazz concerts presented by Jazz India about four years back.

The latest singer to emerge on the Bombay scene is Sharon Prabhakar who has dazzled her listeners with her charm, poise and superb singing in a rock show called "Razzle-Dazzle" which has already had seven full-house shows in the city. She is being backed by a band of India's top musicians led by Leon D'Souza, prominent among them being the brass section headed by Joseph Monsorate (trumpet), Bosco Monsorate (trumpet) and Blasco Monsorate (trombone).

Also, last year, Indian audiences witnessed a rather unusual sight — a girl performer, Christine Ledain, playing a trombone as member of the Sheridan Street Square Stompers from New York, presented jointly by Jazz-India and the United States International Communication Agency.

In India, lady crooners performed with leading bands at famous night spots all over the country even during the pre-independence era but none of them made much headway in

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Adelaide Chand



Tall, lissome, hazel-eyed Poonam Dhillon curls up lithely on a couch, her long tresses falling down her back in a thick sheet. Poonam, who after her success in "Noorie" is considered one of the most promising newcomers on the filmi horizon, is at present very excited because she's just got her B.A. results and "I managed to get a second class. Isn't it wonderful? I studied for the exams all through 'Trishul' and part of 'Noorie'. I'm quite brainy actually, you know, not dumb like everyone makes film starlets out to be. At one stage I even wanted to do medicine, I only chucked it up when my brother advised me against it."

Then how did Poonam land up on the Bombay film scene? It all started about three years ago, says Poonam, when she entered the Eve's Weekly sponsored beauty contest as the candidate from Chandigarh. After that I appeared on the Eve's Weekly cover and Yash Chopra saw my face and sort of liked it." So he flew to Delhi, met Poonam, brought her back to Bombay, screen-tested her and decided she was exactly what he had in mind for the teenager's role in "Trishul". ("She had the physique, the innocence and attractiveness which I required for the role," says Yash today).

However, when the film was released, Poonam was barely noticed among the galaxy of top stars like Amitabh, Raakhee, Hema Malini and so on. "Trishul" was a big success, but it wasn't one for me," she says matter-of-factly. "Actually, my role was a little bigger originally, but a number of my scenes were cut during the editing."

So Yash Chopra, who decided that his discovery deserved a better deal, proceeded to make "Noorie" mainly for her, and entrusted its direction to another protégé of his, Manmohan Krishna. The film turned out to be an ample showcase for Poonam's undoubted histrionic talent, and producers soon began flocking to her in droves. "But I'm being very choosy," declares Poonam firmly. "I don't want to accept just any and every film. After all, I've waited around for two years, I don't want to spoil things for myself at this juncture of my career. I've got a number of good films in hand — I'm doing 'Red Rose' with Rajesh Khanna, being made by South Indian director Bharathi Raaja. I've signed a film with Chintu. I'm doing both Yash

Photograph: Rakesh Shreshtha

Continued on page 77

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"He does not come home for days together, and when he does he is dead drunk. He kicks the children, beats me up, picks up whatever he can find worth selling and leaves. I cry out of desperation, the children out of hunger." The pathetic cry of a helpless woman in a lower middle class home.

The scene shifts from there to a business magnate's palatial house, his wife's tale of woe runs thus: "He brings women into the house, and shacks up with them in our bedroom. I am not even allowed to go anywhere near when he is around with his mistresses. He insults me openly. And many times, to avoid a scene, he locks me up in a room. I have three grown-up daughters and even they know what their father is up to."

The basics are the same — an unhappy home, a heart-broken wife and tortured children. They look to society, to the system and to the man-made laws for succour, but none has an answer to their problems. They are left to fight the battles of life singlehanded.

For a logical mind the immediate solution would probably be to seek redress through law courts, in other words, to seek divorce and give a "legal status" to an already broken home. The torture, the hardship and the heartbreaks could be forgotten by starting life afresh. But does the law provide a solution in real terms? Does it really give a new lease of life? Does it rescue the helpless wife from the clutches of a drunkard husband? Doesn't red tape and delay deter a woman from moving the court? And finally, aren't courts still a social taboo for women in this country?

The questions jolt us to a realisation about the futility of "that instrument called law." The woman is still a helpless victim. And even the law court cannot restore what she has lost.

This and many other factors have led to a lot of rethinking the world over and in India. The obvious answer is to set up family courts which would deal with divorce, custody of children, maintenance for spouse and children, marital property disputes, injunctions and other family matters. These special courts are mainly directed at settling cases within a short period of time by simplifying procedures and eliminating red tape.

During the debate in the House of Lords on the Matrimonial Causes Bill of 1856 in

SEPARATE SPECIALISED COURTS TO DEAL WITH FAMILY DISPUTES AND REDRESS WRONGS INFLECTED ON WOMEN

FAMILY COURTS: quicker justice for women

Kumkum Chadha

Britain, Lord Campbell had referred to a well-known classic of judicial irony. A prisoner had been convicted of bigamy. Mr. Justice Maule asked him whether he had anything to say in his defence. The prisoner said: "My wife was unfaithful. She robbed me and ran away with another man and I thought I might take another wife."

Mr. Justice Maule: "You are quite wrong in supposing that. You ought to have brought a criminal action that would have been tried by one of Her Majesty's judges at the Assizes; you would probably have recovered damages and then you should have instituted a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court for a divorce, a *Mensa et thoro*. Having got that divorce you should have petitioned the House of Lords for a divorce a *Vinculo* and should have appeared by counsel at the Bar of their Lordships' House. Then if the Bill was passed, it would have gone down to the House of Commons, the same evidence would possibly be repeated there and if the royal assent had been given after that you might have married again. The whole proceedings would not have cost you more than £1000."

Prisoner: "Ah, My Lord, I never was worth a thousand pence in all my life."

Mr. Justice Maule: "That is the law and you must submit to it."

That was Britain a century ago. Divorce was granted by means of a private Bill and the procedure was cumbersome and expensive. It was later that div-

orce came to be dealt with by the courts.

Family Laws have been a step in the direction of ensuring speedy settlement of family disputes. These laws give recognition to the formation and termination of relationships between the husband, wife and children as well as determining their rights and duties. In many countries the world over, it was in the sixties that Family Law was introduced as a result of growing public awareness of social problems.

law would be another advantage of these courts, which will serve a two-fold purpose — one, a woman would not hesitate to move a court as the cumbersome procedures would be done away with; second, once the man knows that the woman can seek redress through law, he will not be so aggressive for fear of being exposed through the law. As things stand today, a husband ill treats his wife simply because he is aware of her inability to retaliate or move the courts.

Since a woman's life mainly revolves around her family, these laws specially affect women. In India, this is more so because not only does red tape and the cumbersome procedure deter a woman from going to court, but illiteracy and ignorance about the various options open to her also hinder her. While several countries like Japan, Australia and some parts of the USA have introduced Family Law legislation, India has yet to take a step in this direction.

It is not that India is totally oblivious of the problem. To a large extent the movement has gained ground here and a lot of rethinking is being done. Several women's organisations are advocating the setting up of these courts in India.

Dr. Sarojini Mahishi, M.P., organiser of this movement, has taken it upon herself to utilise all possible forces to see the enactment of the Family Law Code in this country. The women M.P.s Association, the All-India Women's Conference and the Mahila Dakshata Samiti have also plunged into this effort for the enactment of the Family Law in India.

Described as a part of the unified court system, Family Courts are "separate specialised courts with the status of a superior court which would have full jurisdiction over all matters relating to the family."

Family Courts are directed to save a marriage rather than break it. The personal touch which will be given to the cases, while dealing with them through these special courts, may lead to the prevention of divorce by mutual consent. Easier access to

Dr. Sarojini Mahishi has worked out a strong case for the establishment of Family Courts. She said: "It is essential that problems involving the members of a family should be dealt with against the background of a family unit. At present different persons have to go to different courts and it is this splitting up which makes the courts ineffective. Further, what is needed is a sociological approach and insight which would mean that the judge has to take into consideration the social consequences of his decision rather than just base it on the facts of the case."

"The judge in the Family Courts would have a crucial role to play. Apart from being an arbitrator between husband and wife he would have to protect the children and their rights and develop an insight into their problems. In addition, the family courts recognise that rules of law and legal principles alone cannot provide an adequate solution to family problems. It is therefore imperative that to every court dealing with the family problems, a team of trained social workers, psychiatrists and counsellors should be attached. The family courts would thus have as in other countries, a preventive and therapeutic approach and function."

The main aim of a Family Court would be prevention of a family break-up. Today, by the time the two parties, i.e. the husband and wife, go to court, they have reached a point of no return. As Louise Miter once aptly described the mood of the husband and wife who had moved the court to seek a div-



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FAMILY COURTS

orce: "Litigations between husbands and wives exceed in bitterness and hatred those of any other relationship. All litigation evokes feelings of animosity, revenge, etc. Some of them may be fought ruthlessly, but none of them even in their most aggravated form can equal the sheer unadulterated venom of the matrimonial contest. The participants are often ready to gouge out the eyes and soul of the once loved without any pity whatsoever." The Family Courts are aimed at preventing such a situation.

The purpose of family courts in India would be to provide justice with the least possible trouble. Since most of the victims are usually women seeking redress, it will also be necessary to ensure that there are only women judges appointed to them. As Dr. Mahishi explained, "Family matters are of a sensitive nature and they cannot be dealt with the coldness of the law only. There has to be careful handling and a humane touch provided and this would best be achieved if women judges handle these cases. Also, since the complainants will mostly be women they will find it easier to be frank with a woman judge.

"Another important factor which will have to be kept in mind is that all cases dealt with by the family courts will have to be heard in private chambers without any access to the public. Today, in order to prove one's case, charges like adultery, unfaithfulness, etc. are freely bandied about in the court room thus damaging the reputation of those concerned irreparably.

Since the aim of the family courts is to bring the parties together and settle their disputes, this kind of mud-slinging can be very damaging, especially if it is made in public. The family courts, as I foresee, will revolutionise the life of women who are now hesitant in moving a court for redress."

Family courts will be set up initially at the district level or even tehsil level, to create a confidence among rural women. It is they who need the help of the law most because urban women are more aware of the options open to them and can resort to the law if they so desire. A rural woman has financial and psychological limitations. Free legal aid would be given to the women in these courts and often there would be no neces-

sity to engage a lawyer as the complainant can go and bare the facts in the presence of a woman judge.

Dr. Mahishi feels that the most important aspect of these courts will be social education. "There is a lack of awareness among women. They do not know their rights and as such tolerate things which they need not. They accept everything as their lot. We intend to bring out small booklets and also hold seminars, get-togethers etc. regarding the family courts, their meaning and usefulness, so that women know the rights available to them. Our aim would be to see that the cases which are taken up by the family courts are settled within 15 days or a month.

"There are several problems which have to be tackled before these courts can be set up. There is firstly the need for adequate finance to set up these courts throughout the country. Secondly, the consolidation of family laws is also a difficult task. At present family laws are under different heads and sections. To consolidate them and bring them under one head, is not easy.

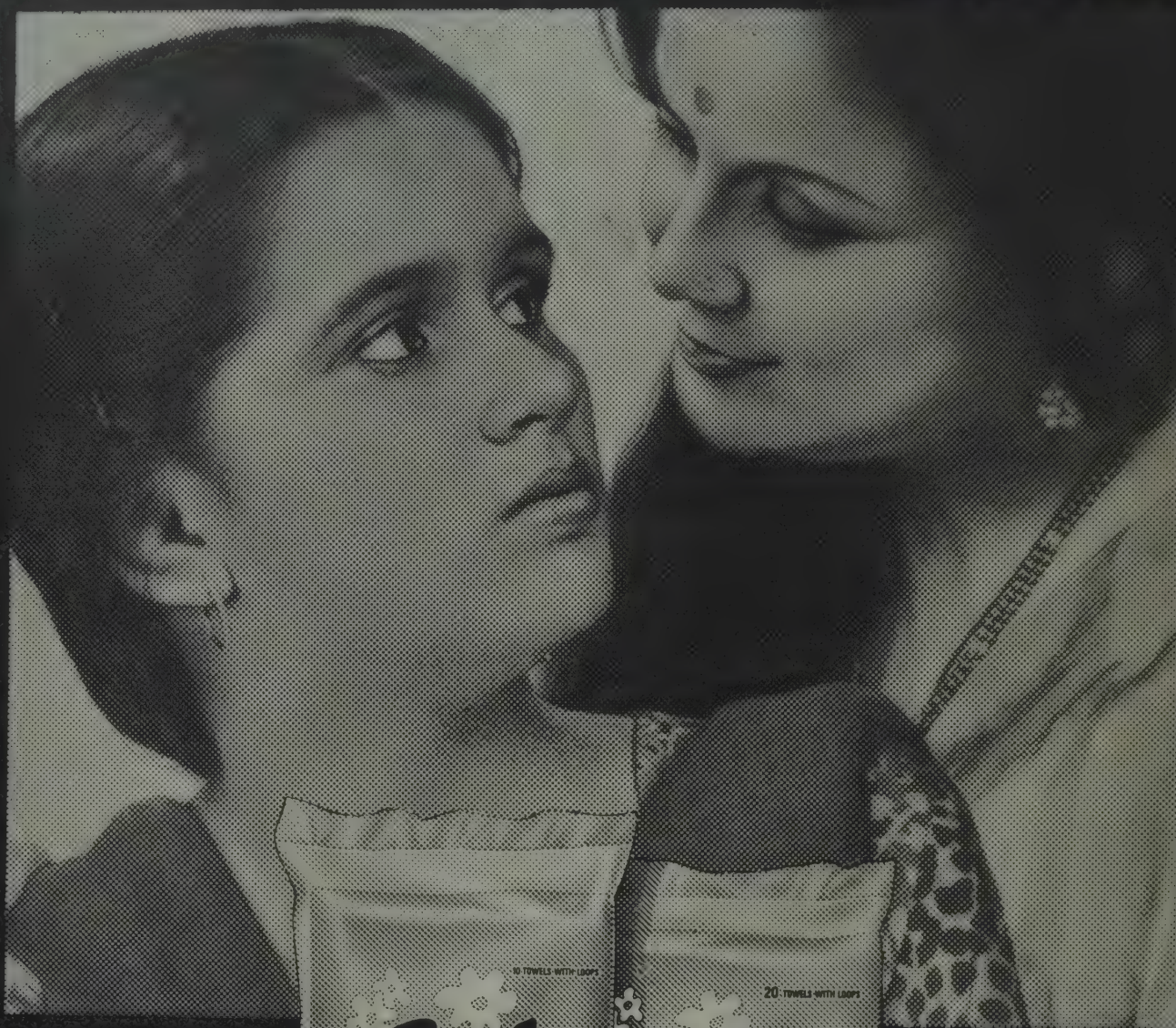
"At the moment parts are under the personal law, parts under other heads. Then there are certain orthodox sections of the community who may not want the personal law modified because they attach a lot of sanctity to the personal law. In the absence of a family law at present, we will have to modify the personal law and consolidate it in the form of a family law. That may not be agreeable to some sections of society."

But a beginning has been made. Committees and sub-committees have been formed comprising eminent jurists, social workers, parliamentarians, etc to ensure that family courts are established in India.

Dr. Mahishi has set her mind on the family courts in India being set up on the lines of those in Australia: "The family court there is like a large modern office with lots of rooms. You go into one of the court-rooms for a hearing. The family court in Sydney and Parramatta has a creche in the building where you can leave your children while you are with one of the judges or counsellors."

Whatever the pattern, the fact that work is being done to make the law more accessible to women in this country is in itself commendable. Whether the innumerable hassles and delays deter those working for this social change, or strengthen their resolve is yet to be seen.

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THE POLICE AND DOWRY MURDERS: an exercise in denial

The arm of the law is said to be very long. It takes in its sweep all those who defy its discipline. It is in this hope that the aggrieved turn to it for redress and succour. But when its machinery fails and tends to favour the guilty, there is cause for concern.

The grim incidences of bride burning in the country and the police apathy, as alleged by the bereaved parents, give rise to such concern. This 'apathy' may well be the result of the in-built attitudes of the investigating authorities. Or the hardening of responses owing to constant exposure to crime and murder. Or blatant male chauvinism manifesting itself in the callousness with which most such cases are allowed to linger on.

In recent years bride burning has become almost a daily occurrence. Since the public has seldom raised its voice against it, the police too treat it casually. On March 17 this year when Shashi Bala, 21, died of burns in her in-laws' house in New Delhi, her mother, Satya Rani, rushed to the police station to lodge a report. The S.H.O. reportedly snapped at her. "This is the 18th complaint in the last 17 days. How do I know what's true and what's not?"

On June 19, Satya Rani complained to the Union Home Minister that the police were trying to hush up the case. She has also visited various newspaper offices and social organisations to enlist help. She carries with her copies of the photographs taken by the police. One shows the

IN THE RECENT FURORE OVER THE TERRIBLE PRACTICE OF BRIDE-BURNING, MANY ALLEGATIONS OF INDIFFERENCE AND BIAS HAVE BEEN LEVELLED AGAINST THE POLICE. THE DEPRESSING LACK OF SENSITIVITY AND CONCERN REVEALED BY EVEN WOMEN IN THE POLICE SUGGEST THAT THE ALLEGATIONS ARE FAR FROM BASELESS

Subhadra Bhutalia

burnt body of her daughter lying bundled in the house courtyard. Beside the body is seen a half-burnt broom. On the strength of the pictures she challenges the suicide-in-kitchen theory toted by the in-laws.

She asks, "Who brought the body out of the kitchen? What's the half-burnt broom doing there? Did someone try to extinguish the fire? Was not the rescuer singed as well?" There are many other imponderables.

"I am convinced," she alleges, "that the police are not going into the merits of the case. It's their way of functioning. Even before they start the investigation, they convince themselves that it is a suicide."

Satya Rani seems to be fighting a losing battle against this pre-conceived notion held by the police. One can even call it bias.

This bias manifests itself even in the attitude of women police officers. Ms. Kiran Bedi, redoubtable woman Deputy Commissioner at Delhi Police H.Q., is convinced that most bride burning incidents are actually suicides.

They cannot prosecute on their own even when they make out a case. They must obtain the government's permission." She agreed, however, that harassment of a woman, if an immediate cause of suicide, should be made cognizable.

Lately, the police have been severely criticised for lapses in dealing with cases of bride burning. But according to Ms. Bedi, much can be said for the police side, too. "What can they do if the public doesn't cooperate with them? Very often even those who give evidence resile from their statements in the courts. It is all right for the aggrieved parents to get impatient, but we have to have evidence to build a 'pucca' case. We cannot create evidence"

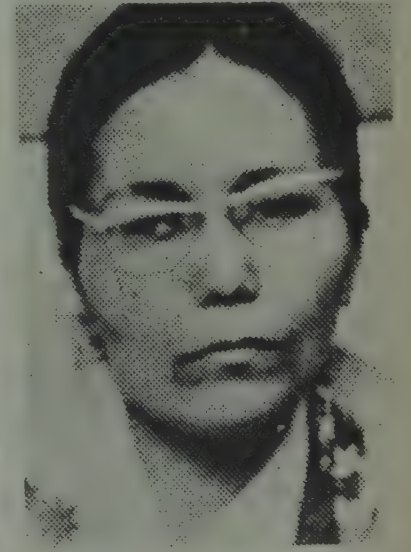
There is substance in what Ms. Bedi says. Court trials take mon-

"What makes you think so?" I asked her.

"I know from observation that many women who cannot bear the environmental pressures seek to end their lives. There is no sprinkling of oil, no direct involvement," she maintained.

I persisted, "I am not convinced. I believe that many of these cases are murders."

She frowned, obviously displeased. "Lay persons and writers



Satya Rani with daughter Shashi Bala.

Kanchanmala, another dowry victim, with her mother Chandrakanta.



should not jump to conclusions and publicise them because the public takes its cue from them. It makes police investigation difficult and creates an awkward situation for us."

"Even if the suicide theory is conceded," I said, "the onus of driving a woman to suicide falls upon the husband and his family. They ill-treat her to such an extent that she is forced to end her life."

"The police are only an investigating authority," said Ms. Bedi. "Recommending legislative reform is not within their purview. Even if they can make suggestions they prefer not to.

ths and years. The delay more often than not jeopardises the interest of the aggrieved. The common citizen also hesitates to give help as a witness. He knows that getting involved in police and legal procedures can be a very cumbersome and frustrating experience. All the same, it does not answer the important question of alleged police indifference manifested in many cases of bride burning in the capital.

One such case of police apathy is of Kanchan Chopra, who died of burn injuries in her husband's house in East Patel Nagar, New Delhi, on June 27 this year. On the fateful evening, her bro-

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THE POLICE AND DOWRY MURDERS

ther, Sunil, went to two police stations of the area seeking protection for his sister. Perfunctorily he was told to come in the morning. Kanchan was burnt during the night.

Kanchan, a working girl, had gone from office to her mother's house. "Mummy, I don't want to go back to him. He tried to strangle me this morning," she had sobbed on her mother's shoulder. Kanchan's husband came later in the evening and after much persuasion took her along. Sunil accompanied them. As soon as they reached Patel Nagar, a quarrel started. While the neighbours tried to cool the disputants' tempers, Sunil rushed to the police stations.

A sympathetic or understanding police officer could have saved her.

Kanchan's father, Mr. M.L. Bedi, is rightly sore. "The police want us to produce evidence. How can we do it? We live miles away and were informed of the tragedy after it had occurred." He feels the police should make serious efforts to unearth evidence and not start with premises of suicide. The police did in this case. So, relations of the Bedis and their neighbours came en masse and demonstrated in front of the police station, demanding justice and suspension of the S.H.O.

The S.H.O. has been transferred. It is not known if any inquiry has been ordered against him for the "gross dereliction of duty." If not why not? The public is entitled to ask.

A senior police officer, in charge of a district, who does not want to be named, talked at length of the pressures under which policemen work. "A constable works for a minimum of 14 hours a day. Often his place of duty is so far away from home that he does not meet his family for days. All that he has for company is crime. He wakes up to crime, works with it and goes to sleep thinking of it. These tensions are reflected in his personality. He tends to be indifferent and callous. But I hold no brief for the corrupt or those who neglect their duty," he hastened to add.

"Does it mean that we should condone what most aggrieved parents condemn as police apathy?" I asked.

"No, by no means," he replied emphatically. "But when you

censure them, please keep these factors in mind. There are procedural delays, too. Sometimes the photo squad is unavailable. Or the dog squad is busy elsewhere. The aggrieved don't understand these problems."

This officer, while conceding the intensity of public anger, was highly critical of the social mores which permitted the evil of dowry, the chief cause of bride burning. He felt that women's social organisations should

prosecuting authority. The role of the decedent's family does not make any difference."

One wonders why in Hardip Kaur's case, where there is a possible witness apart from the dying declaration, the trial has taken so long. Did the investigation get stalled at the police level?

Ms. Jai Kumari said, "Those socially or emotionally involved in these cases are never satisfied by the result of our investiga-

do it out of an inferiority complex. No one can be so brutal as to kill."

"But surely women can find easier ways to kill themselves," I argued.

"Perhaps it is the only handy way," she said. "Telling a girl that she has not brought any dowry is calling a spade a spade. That's why the reaction is so violent."

But Ms Kala believes that in-laws create trouble. "Women like us do not feel the impact because we leave home in the morning and return late in the evening. Then we are too tired to enter into any argument."

Of the freshers, ASI Alkesh said that it is the people themselves who create problems for the police. When they lodge a report they want the case to be handled by a person of their choice. If that is not done, they start blaming the police. Since there are at least two parties involved, one is bound to be dissatisfied. And in most cases it is outsiders who incite the aggrieved parents."

It appeared a very weak argument. I said, "Even if I agree with all that you say, I would like to know why the police investigation is dismally slow when the victim gives a dying declaration?" I cited the case of Tarvinder Kaur, who died of burns on May 17 and gave a dying declaration that her mother-in-law and sister-in-law burnt her. Three months have passed and yet nothing definite has resulted.

They replied almost in unison. "The police are not bound to go solely by the dying declaration. They try to corroborate the statement with available evidence. If facts do not tally, the police give their own opinion."

Tarvinder's parents say that despite their repeated requests the police did not arrive at the scene of burning for full 20 hours, thus giving all the time to the accused to destroy evidence. "There is nothing left now for verification," says her brother Mr. H.K. Singh.

The police provide no satisfactory answers to these allegations. Women police blame women; policemen blame the system; men and women of law blame the police; the police blame the law. In the process justice gets murdered.

This is subsequent to our report "Burning the Bahu: An Increasingly Popular Crime" in our issue dated July 7, 1979.

I have two people earning for me. My husband and my bank.

You might call me a little fortunate.

In a way I am.

It all started five years ago when my father left me a small inheritance.

On my husband's advice I invested it under the Deposit Certificates Scheme with UCOBANK.

And welcomed into my life another earning partner.

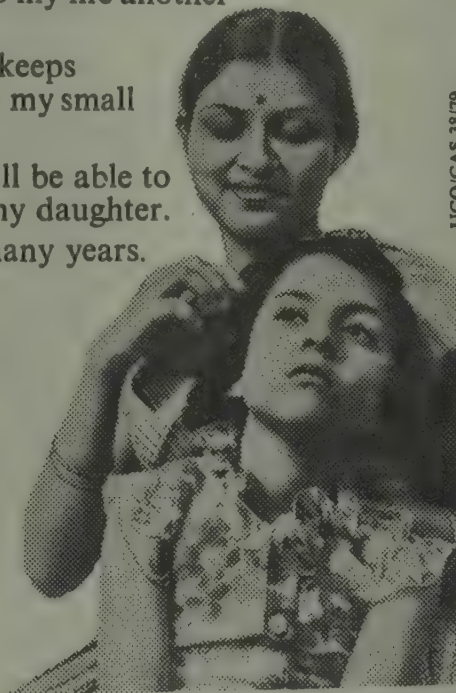
Today UCOBANK keeps adding something to my small inheritance.

In time to come I'll be able to make a present to my daughter.

The earnings of many years.



United Commercial Bank
the friendly bank round the corner



UCO/CAS-38/79

create an awakening among the public.

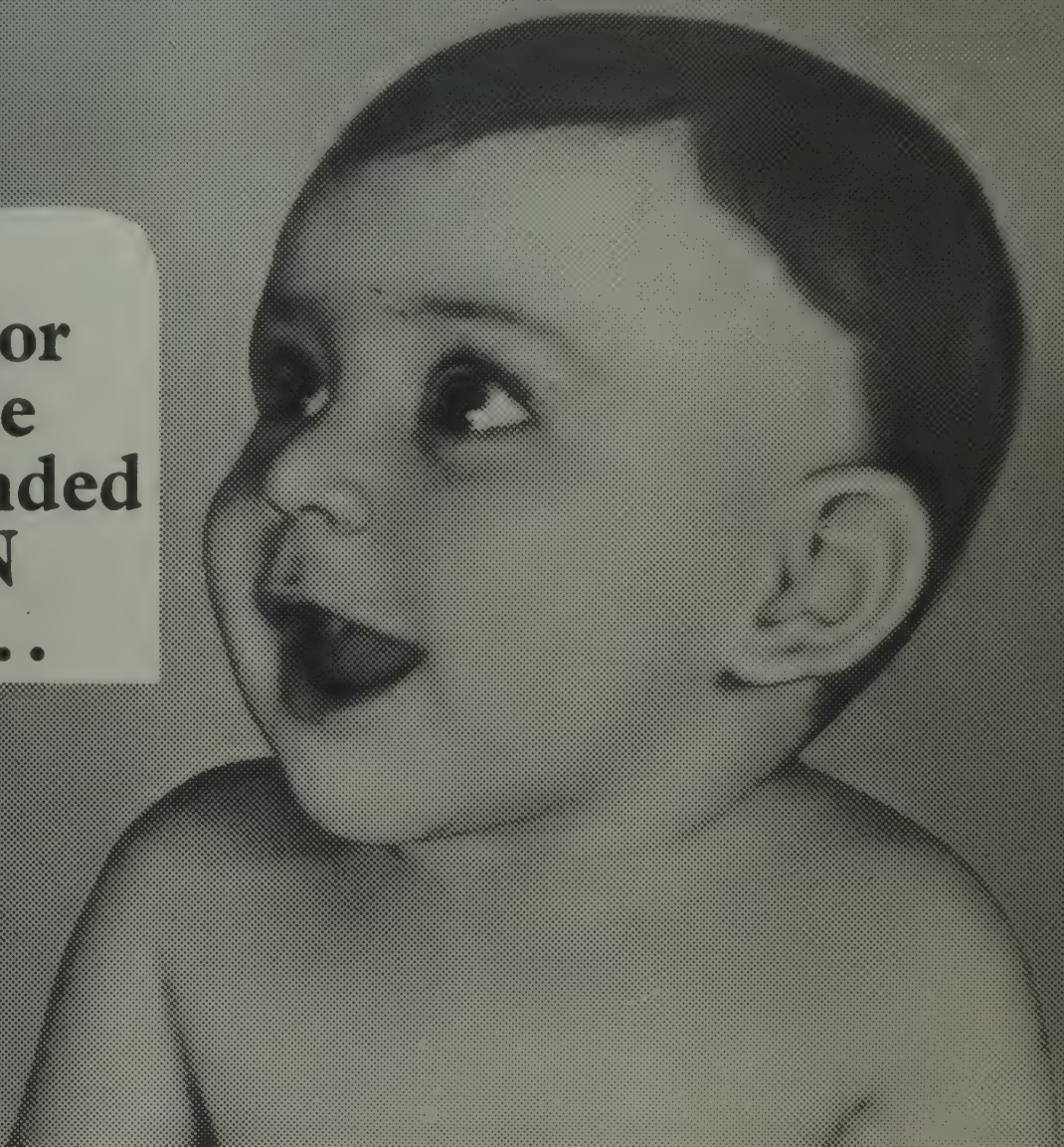
Dapper R.K. Mishra, DCP Lines, introduced me to a number of policewomen. He was very clear in his views. I mentioned Hardip Kaur, who died of burns in November last year after giving a dying declaration. He was not fully conversant with the case as he does not deal with crime. Short and stocky Inspector Jai Kumari intervened to say that in many cases relations of the deceased did not take interest in the case. Therefore investigation had to be dropped.

Mr. Mishra promptly corrected her by saying, "Under Section 302 it is the State which is the

tion." Like her senior, Kiran Bedi, Ms. Jai is convinced that there are hardly any dowry deaths. She has been dealing with crime for 12 years. So she speaks with the confidence of knowledge. "Not more than one per cent of these cases are murders," she said emphatically. "Women are very sentimental," she added, "and when mothers-in-law or husbands reprimand them or taunt them over dowry or something else, they just take their own life to spite them."

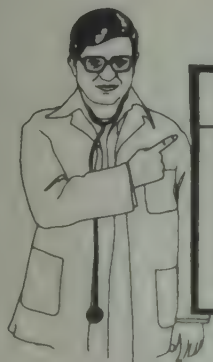
Soft-spoken Sub-Inspector Kala Bhist thinks differently. "It's one and the same thing," she says. "Killing a woman or driving her to kill herself." But Ms Jai did not agree. "Women

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Fat	18.0 "	Vitamin D	500 I.U.
Carbohydrates	52.4 "	Vitamin C	40 mg.
Calcium	1.0 "	Vitamin B1	0.6 "
Phosphorous	0.8 "	Vitamin B2	1.0 "
Iron	4.0 mg.	Vitamin B6	0.3 "
Niacinamide	6.0 mg.	Vitamin B12	1.2 mcg.



IS 1547



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POPPETS ON PARADE



RUCHI BHATNAGAR, Bareilly
Age : 1 year



SONJA LUCLISINGER, Chandigarh
Age : 2 years

BELOW : SONU PARASHAR, Bombay
Age : 2 years



EVERY CHILD COMES
WITH THE MESSAGE
THAT GOD IS NOT YET
DISCOURAGED OF
MAN.

ROOPA CHOWDHARY, Pune
Age : 1 year

BELOW : SHIMAN SINGHAL
Age : 3 years, and
SHERIN SINGHAL
Age : 5 months, New Delhi



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POPPETS ON PARADE



KIRAN, Age: 4 years and **SURAJ**, Age: 2 years,
Bombay



DIVYA D'CUNHA, Bombay
Age : 6 months

EVERY CHILD IS,
TO A CERTAIN EXTENT,
A GENIUS,
AND EVERY GENIUS,
A CHILD.



ARUNJEET RAWAL TANEJA, Gwalior
Age : 6 months



ABOVE: PREET RANGAR, Delhi

LEFT: UMA SUDHAN, Trivandrum
Age : 3 years

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POPPETS ON PARADE

If we cannot make a world in which children no longer suffer, at least we can try to reduce the number of suffering children.

Albert Camus



YASHNA, Jagatdal
Age: 1 year

BELOW: SUZANNE NATASHA, New Delhi
Age: 6 months



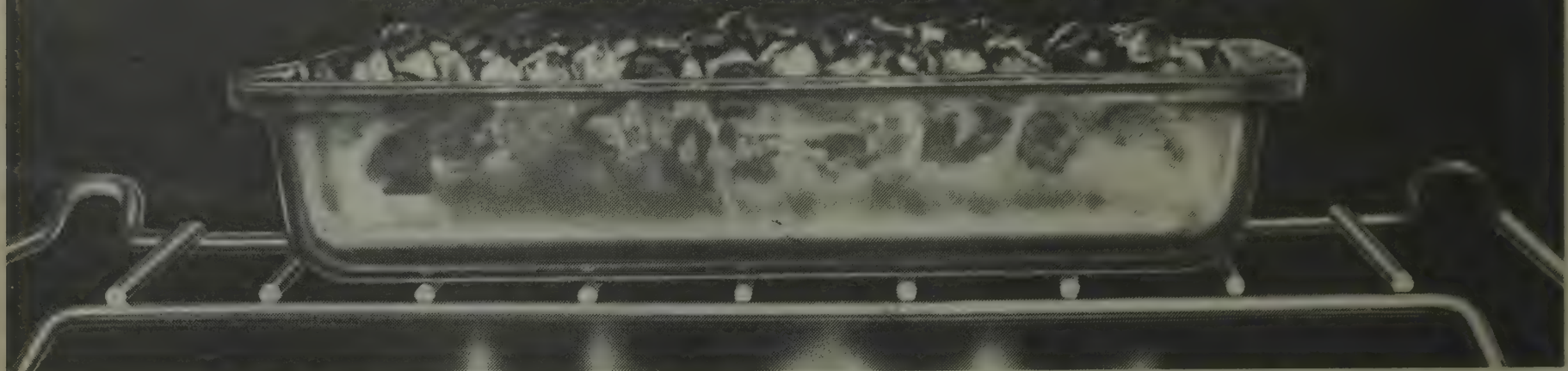
ALYCE MICHELLE JOSEPH
Age: 4 years, and
KARLETTE DAYLE JOSEPH
Age: 4 months, Bombay



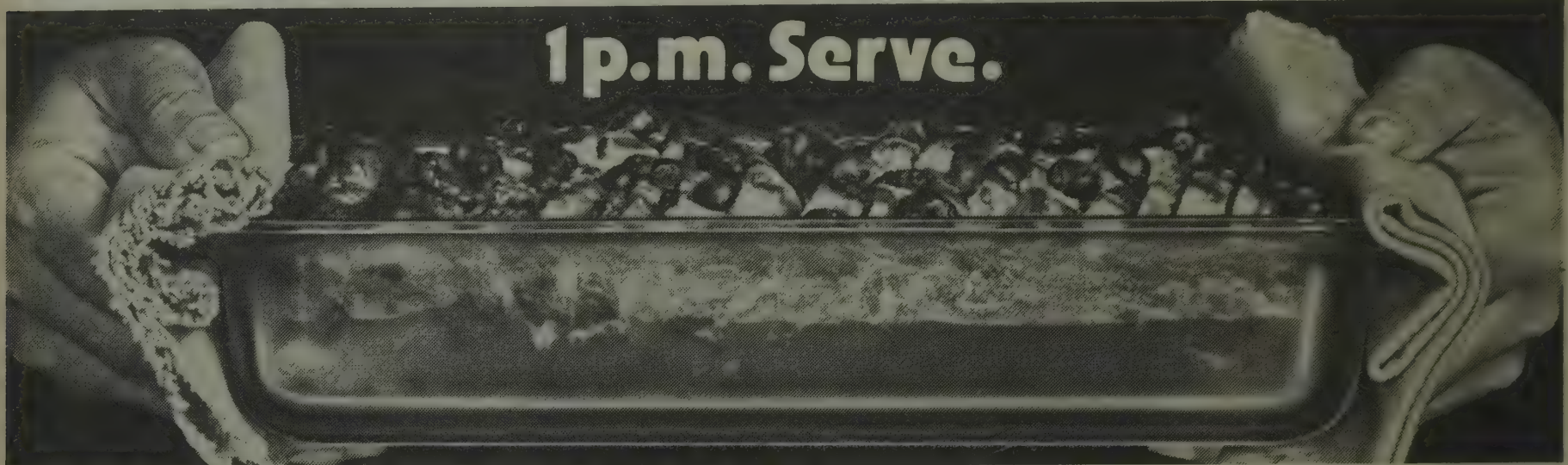
KALPAN BANKIM SHROFF, Surat
Age: 1½ years
LEFT: SREERAM NARAYANAN, Palghat
Age: 1 year

CORNING OVENWARE

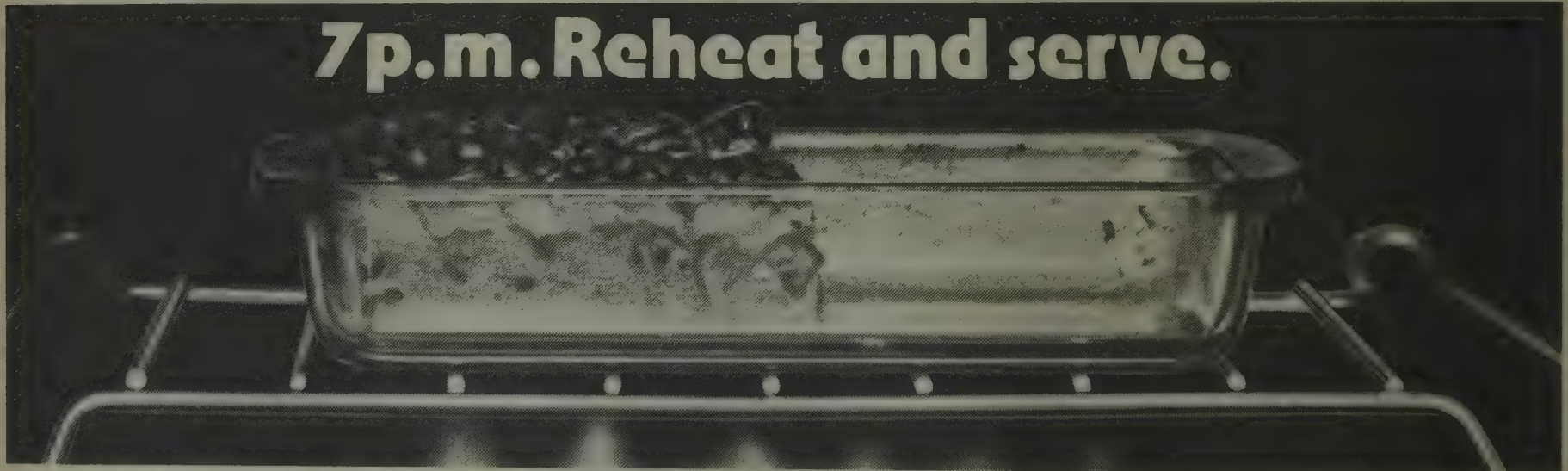
12 noon. Bake at 300°C



1 p.m. Serve.



7 p.m. Reheat and serve.



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AMEE B. SHAH, Gujarat
Age: 5 years



KRISHNA REDDY
Age: 2 years 11 months

POPPETS ON PARADE

*To me the life of a single child
is worth more than all my music,*

Pablo Casals



RAMANJEET RAINI, Jullundur
Age: 1½ years

BELOW: MOHAMMED PARVEZ, Mangalore
Age: 2 years 6 months



GREESHMA GUPTA, Delhi
Age: 1 year



MEGHNA DEVA
Age: 8 months

LEFT: ANIYA B. SHAH, Gujarat
Age: 1 year



BEAUTY BULLETIN

HEAVY DESK-WORK

I started working a couple of months ago. I am an accountant. My problem is that because of heavy desk-work, I have developed a pain in my neck and upper back. Please suggest an exercise to get rid of this.

R.T. (Bombay)

Given below is a useful exercise which will help release tension and the pain. Do this every morning and at night before bedtime and follow the breathing instructions carefully.

Sit back in a chair. Keep your fingers clasped behind your head and elbows forward. Pull head down rounding out back. Then gradually raise head, elbows out to sides arching upper back. Ex-

TO RELIEVE PAIN AND TENSION



hale as you pull down, inhale as you arch back. Repeat six times.

REMOVE EXCESS CREAM

I am 40 and have started applying an anti-wrinkle cream on my face at night. I go to sleep with the cream on. How will the skin breathe and throw out waste matter if it is smeared with cream?

C.V. (Ahmedabad)

It is not advisable to go to bed with the cream on. The skin can absorb only certain amount therefore excess cream should be removed so that the skin is left free to breathe. Massaging it well into the skin helps it to penetrate the deeper layers of the skin.

TRY THESE EXERCISES

I am 29 and working in a factory. I have to get up early to reach the factory, and don't

have the time to exercise. Also I feel lazy to exercise. Any remedy?

R. B. (Delhi)

Get up half an hour earlier and exercise for at least 10 minutes. This will stimulate blood circulation and pep you up.

Here are two easy exercises to wake you up and, once you get used to them, you'll enjoy exercising in the morning.

Sit on the floor, legs straight in front of you and far apart, keep hands back on your buttocks. Rotate the upper part of your body in a circle from the hips, upward and around. As you do this pull your abdomen in and up. This is good for preserving a neat waistline. Pull in your tummy as you make the circle, release it when you finish.

Then stand tall and lift your arms, pull tummy in and slowly bring body to first position. Relax and repeat.

WOMEN IN FOCUS

Srilata Katre's vocation is teaching and she has pursued it with determination. Even though, as the daughter of an official on a transferable job and later as the wife of an air-force officer she was constantly on the move and never settled down in one place for long, she never made that an excuse for not working.

Srilata Katre says, "Teaching children gives one deep satisfaction. It is a challenge to any one who loves children, because it means total involvement."

Was there anything she would like to see changed in the present system of teaching?

"Obviously, teaching by rote is not the thing that brings out the best in a child, nor does it help to develop the child's thinking power. All that we achieve is just making carbon copies of an original full of mistakes. It is no longer 'repeat and memorise' which will develop the kind of citizens we want for a free democratic country like ours. I do not go along with undue emphasis being placed on examinations as

SRILATA KATRE

VOCATION FOR TEACHING

a single yardstick for judging a child's ability. Another thing I am seriously concerned about is that we need to include more functional and practical subjects for study in the curriculum."

Mrs. Katre started teaching a few years after her marriage. Did she find it difficult keeping it up as an Air Force wife? Srilata Katre admitted that it wouldn't have been human not to be discouraged sometimes, but wherever her husband has been stationed, she has taught school, whether in India or abroad.

"I taught for a year in Ghana when we were there in 1959 and I taught in England in 1976. I took time off to teach for a year in the U.S.A. as part of the Fulbright teaching exchange programme."



Mrs. Katre's subjects are Social Studies and English. "It makes such a difference when you let the child think for himself, given the right guidelines and the opportunity. For instance, just using 'Treasure Island' as a 'study book' can be a chore, so I brought along a little sea-chest filled with junk jewellery and chocolate coins and let the children imagine and write as their imagination led them to do. It can be done with every book, and you are rewarded with originality and creativity in the students. Having taught in all kinds of schools it is my

belief that teachers need to re-orient their ideas and give wholeheartedly of themselves."

When Srilata Katre took over the presidentship of the Air Force Wives Welfare Association at Shillong last year, the Association extended its range of activities. "Thrift Shops" have been started at remote Air Force stations where employees can buy their requirements at a reasonable price.

Mrs. Katre said that they faced problems about schooling for children living in remote areas.

"Our aim is to give every child some basic schooling, but sometimes good schools are too far away for small children. In Kumbhigram for example, children have to go 30 kilometres to attend school. So, arrangements for a teacher at the base itself have been made for these children which has eased the problem."

Mrs. Katre believes that the aim of AFWWA is to create opportunities for the wives of air-men to learn and earn, to run happy households and to cultivate their chosen hobbies in a relaxed and congenial atmosphere.

Tapati Mookerji

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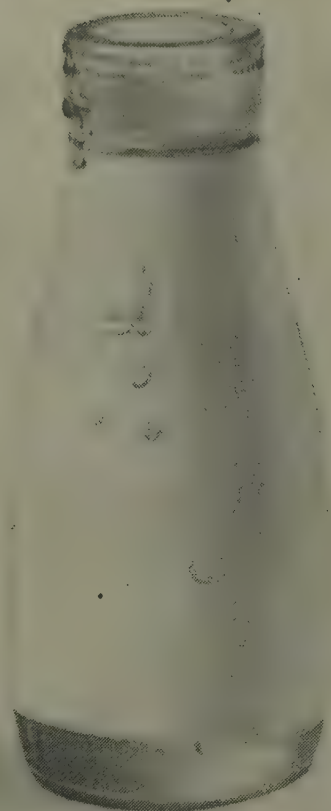
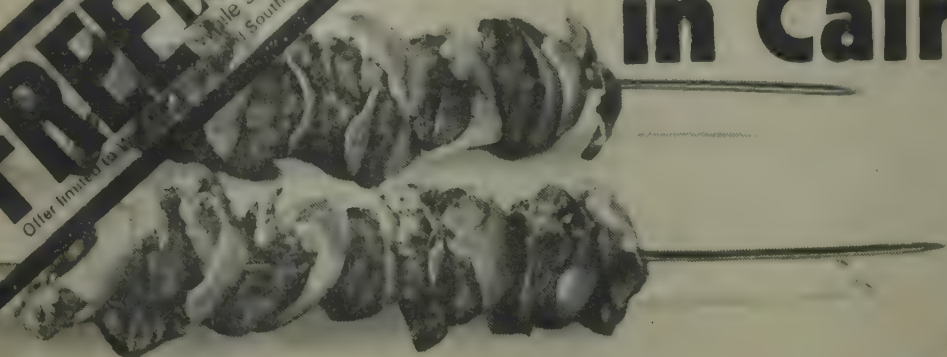
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Only about half the world's inhabitants have a relatively adequate provision of safe water and sanitation. Which means some 700 million children go without a proper base to build their lives on. This global imbalance is not a new discovery. It has been known to decision makers since the 1960's at the latest. Mankind has been living with this handicap, the adult losing a good part of his vitality and productivity, the child struggling to live against debility and disease and often succumbing.

The world may be in no danger of running out of its water resources, like in the matter of oil. But water is scarce for any purpose in large parts of it. Much of it that is available is a chemical or bacteriological quality that the human system cannot tolerate and child health has no chance against. And water is not only for intake by man, animal and plant, it is needed for cleaning, for personal hygiene, for the disposal of waste, particularly excreta. Water supply and sanitation are linked and together form a primary input for health, especially of the child.

Yet few governments in the developing world give any priority for safe water and sanitation. Those that were alive to the need, were led to diverting such national resources as they could to fight water-related and filth-borne diseases. Their root causes — unsafe water supply and improper waste disposal — remained largely untouched. And where some money and effort could be applied, water supply in the towns received a measure of attention; the massive problem of excreta and waste disposal was ignored. If this weak and partial attempt at public health was thus self-defeating in the towns, the countryside was left severely without any organised effort. A fallacy of national planning was that economic progress was thought achievable without first providing the minimum precondition for basic health and therefore of productivity.

So, the first UN Development Decade 1961-70 went without any serious action, except perhaps for data gathering. The second, 1971-80, set some global targets for community water supply. The UN Environment Conference (1972) and the Habitat Conference (1975) underlined the urgency to force the pace of tardy progress. The UN Water Conference (1977) recognised that time was running out, that access to safe water and hygienic disposal of excreta should be ac-

SAFE WATER AND SANITATION BY 1990?

SAFE WATER SUPPLY AND SANITATION
TOGETHER FORM A PRIMARY INPUT FOR GOOD
HEALTH, YET FEW GOVERNMENTS IN THE
DEVELOPING WORLD GIVE THESE BASIC HUMAN
NEEDS THE PRIORITY THEY DESERVE

Thomas Matthai

chieved for the world's population by 1990 and accordingly designated 1981-90 as the "International Drinking Water Supply and Sanitation Decade". The signatory governments, of which India is one, are expected to get their national plans ready by 1980 and get into action soon thereafter.

What is the status of the Indian effort? The bare statistics speak for themselves. To take the less intractable urban scene first: safe water supply was available to 60 per cent of the urban population in 1970, to nearly 80 per cent by 1975, and an estimated 82 per cent by now. This may be taken as a reasonable pace, considering that there are 3000 odd towns with a total population of 110 million. Mention may, however, be made that house connections have been provided for only a little more than two-thirds the beneficiaries, the rest having to walk up to standposts for common use.

The progress in urban sewerage is less comfortable — due to lethargy, the burgeoning urban population, and the cost explosion. Thus, the percentage of urban population with access to public sewerage facilities has been falling from 36 per cent in 1970 to 34 per cent in 1975 to an estimated 27 per cent now. The remaining urban majority makes do with some household system, including the bucket latrine, a segment of the poorer strata having recourse to shrubby open. This statistical trend is ominous for environmental health. Internationally aided water supply and sewerage improvement and expansion projects are under way in Calcutta, Bombay, Madras and elsewhere, but how sanguine can we be about reversing the trend soon enough to overcome it by 1990? Here is a

situation when the householder, caught in the inflationary coil, defers investment on a sanitary waterseal privy and the public authority finds it easy to postpone the construction of the town sewer system.

The immensely vaster rural picture of water supply and sanitation is, one might say, in the lap of the gods. As of 1970, only six per cent of India's rural population had access to safe water. In 1975, this proportion moved up to 18 per cent. The terms 'safe water' and 'access' are defined more loosely than in the urban context to include water other than piped and distances beyond a 200 metre radius. There is no knowing when the 500 million people in some 500 thousand villages can hope to have an adequate supply of clean water. Can this come about through government enterprise alone and in another decade?

The present approach to rural water supply is almost necessarily, selective, the worst first. Some 153,000 villages have been identified as 'problem villages' — that is to say, where drinking water is not available within a mile radius or 50 feet depth; where cholera and guinea worm are endemic; or where the water sources have a high content of chlorides, fluorides, salinity, etc. The work is proceeding under two schemes: the Minimum Needs and the Accelerated Rural Water Supply programmes. So far, some 40,000 of the problem villages have been covered, leaving a balance of 113,000 villages. An investment of 9000 million rupees is the estimated further requirement to provide water to all the problem villages. Incidentally, not all the villages coming under the Minimum Needs Programme may be problem villages.

From what little is known of rural sanitation, only a negligible one per cent of the rural population had sanitary facilities in 1970. This number may have moved up to 2 per cent or so since then. To expect any significant improvement in the measurable future would be unrealistic. The gap between what obtains and what is needed is, if anything, widening, due partly to the rising population.

A great deal of analytical documentation exists on the status of water supply and sanitation in the third world. It presents a faithful index of the extreme inequalities of income in the area. Much of the past neglect of, and current low priority to, water supply and sanitation, are traceable to this hard economic fact. Progress in this field would, therefore, be in proportion to the success of the will to change this basic condition. Within this prevailing limitation, some of the factors that have been identified as responsible for poor results are: the lack of awareness on the part of the affected population of their primary health need for safe water supply and sanitation; their non-participation in organising and preserving these facilities; the habitual neglect of maintenance of equipment and laxity in management of the service; over-dependence by the people on Government and by the latter on international agencies and external aid; application of commercial criteria to projects governed by social policy; inability or reluctance to mobilise resources for the needed investment; diffusion of executive responsibility and lack of accountability.

On the other hand, India has, unlike several poor countries of the third world, adequate manpower skills for public health engineering and management. The capability to design and manufacture equipment suitable to local conditions is well developed. Even research and development has not been neglected. Indian planners have considerable experience, based on the lessons of both success and failure.

What then is the prospect in India for the Water Supply and Sanitation Decade—1981-90? Not overly bright, evidently. But there are still some months to prepare better than in the past and to act with decision. That is, if we can muster enough social conscience to be aroused by the unglamorous task of water supply and waste disposal for those unable to do anything about it themselves.



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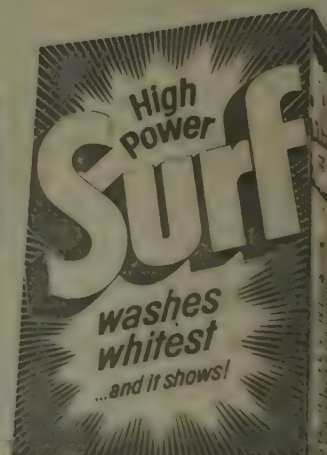


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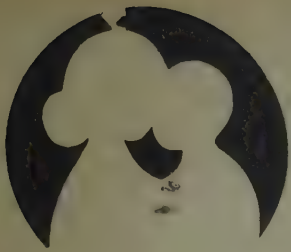
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More mothers use Surf than any other washing powder.



When Amir was thirteen, he decided that he was old enough to have a room of his own.

"What for?" asked his mother.

"The kids make too much noise," he said, referring to his younger brothers and sisters. "I can't study."

"Well, if you really want to study, you can have your own room," said his grandfather, who owned the old building. "There's the room on the roof."

So Amir took the room on the roof.

It was a long, low building with large cracks in the walls from which peepal trees were growing tentatively. Amir's grandfather said he couldn't afford to have it repaired. There were a number of tenants in the building, and they were paying rents that had been fixed forty years back when rents were very low; so there wasn't much money coming in. Amir's father had a tailor-shop in the bazaar, but that didn't make much money either. The building had a flat roof, with just the one small room — called a *barsati* — opening on to it. From the window of his room Amir looked out upon a world quite different from the world below.

The banyan tree, just opposite, was his, and its inhabitants his subjects. There were two squirrels, several mynahs, a crow and, at night, a pair of flying-foxes. The squirrels were busy in the afternoon, the birds in the morning and evening, the foxes at night. Amir wasn't very busy. He'd look at his books now and then, but decide that it wasn't a very good time for studying. There was much more to learn from looking out of his window.

At first he felt lonely in the room, but then he discovered the window. It looked out on the banyan tree and the mango grove, on the rather untidy garden, on the broad path running past the building, and over the roofs of other houses, over roads and fields, as far as the horizon. The path was a busy one: fruit and vegetable vendors came and went, as did the toy-seller and the balloon man, their wares strung on poles; there were boys on cycles, babies in prams,

schoolgirls chattering, housewives quarrelling, old men gossiping . . . all passed his way, the way of his window . . .

Early that summer a tonga came rattling and jingling down the path and stopped in front of the building. A girl and an elderly lady got down, while a ser-

She came round to the steps and began climbing them slowly, cautiously. When she entered the room, she stared at Amir and said: "Where's your magic?"

"Come here," he said, and he took her to the window and showed her his world.

THE WINDOW

Ruskin Bond



vant unloaded their luggage. They went into the house and the tonga moved off.

The next day the girl looked up from the garden and saw Amir at the window.

She had short black hair that came to her shoulders. Her eyes were black, like her hair, and just as shiny. She must have been about eleven years old.

"Hallo," said Amir.

She looked suspiciously up at him. "Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm a ghost."

She laughed, and her laugh had a gay, mocking quality: "You look like one!"

Amir didn't think her remark was very funny, but he had asked for it.

"What are you doing up there?" she asked.

"Practising magic," he said.

She laughed again, but this time without the mockery. "I don't believe you," she said.

"Why don't you come up and see for yourself?"

She said nothing, just stared out of the window. Then she turned and smiled at Amir, and they were friends.

He only knew that she was called Chummo, and that she had come with her aunt for the summer months. He did not need to know any more about her, and she did not need to know any more about him except that he wasn't really a ghost.

She came up the steps nearly every day and joined Amir at the window. There was a lot of excitement to be had in the world of the window, especially when the monsoon rains arrived.

At the first rumblings, women would rush outside to retrieve their washing from the clothesline and, if there was a breeze, to chase a few garments across the compound. When the rain came, it came with a vengeance, making a bog of the garden and a river of the path.

A cyclist would come riding furiously down the path, an elderly gentleman would be having difficulty with his umbrella, naked toddlers would be frisking

about in the rain. Sometimes Amir would run out on the roof and shout and dance in the rain. And the rain would come through the open door and window of the room, flooding the floor and making an island of the bed.

But the window was more fun than anything else.

"It's like a film," said Chummo. "The window is the screen, the world outside is the picture."

Soon the mangoes were ripe and Chummo was in the branches of the mango tree as often as she was at Amir's window. Amir was supposed to be deep in study, so any forays into the mango tree on his part would not have pleased his grandfather. But from the window he had a good view of the tree, and he could speak to Chummo from about the same level. She brought him unripe mangoes, and they ate far too many of them and had tummy aches for the rest of the day.

"Let's make a garden on the roof," said Chummo.

"How do we do that?" asked Amir.

"It's easy. We bring up mud and bricks and make the flower-beds. Then we plant the seeds. We'll grow all sorts of flowers." "The roof will fall in," said Amir.

"Never mind," said Chummo.

They spent two days carrying buckets of mud up the steps to the roof and laying out the flower-beds. It was hard work, but Chummo did most of it. When the beds were ready, they had a planting ceremony. But apart from a few small plants collected from the garden below, they had only one kind of seed — pumpkin . . .

"I can't eat pumpkins," said Amir.

"Have you ever met anyone who likes pumpkins?" asked Chummo.

"No. Everyone hates them."

"True. And yet people keep on growing them, and selling them, and forcing children to eat them."

"They just do it to make us suffer," said Amir.

"True. We'll present our pumpkins to our enemies."

So they planted the pumpkin seeds in the mud and felt proud of themselves.

But the following night it rained very heavily, and in the morn-

Continued on pg. 53

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surprises. That's
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WIN Rs. 35,000 IN CASH AND GIFTS

Eve's Weekly is pleased to announce that it will hold in association with Shri Ambica Mills an All-India Beauty Contest with Fashion Pageant to select Miss Young India for Miss Young International 1980, sponsored by Kokusai Bunka Kyokai (International Cultural Association) with the co-operation of The Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Japan.

Regional Beauty Contests and Fashion Festivals will be held at Bangalore, Madras, Hyderabad, Calcutta, Delhi and Ahmedabad between November 1 and December 5, 1979 to be followed by the Bombay Regional Contest and the All-India Contest and Fashion Pageant at Bombay, on December 11 and 12, respectively. In addition, Fashion Pageants will also be held at Cochin, Kanpur, Amritsar and Baroda.

Regional Contests will be known as Ambiprincess Contests. Miss Young India will be selected at a function in Bombay from among the seven Ambiprincesses and will be provided a free return air passage to Japan, to appear in the Miss Young International Contest. Miss Young International will receive a cash prize of one million Japanese Yen and a Trophy.

PRIZES

Winner of Miss Young India title Rs. 2,000 plus gifts, and Runners-up Rs. 1,000 plus gifts. Winners of Ambiprincess title, Rs. 500 each, plus gifts. And gifts to Runners-up.

GIFTS

The Gifts offered include TV sets, Refrigerators, Cooking Ranges, Sewing Machines and Cosmetics.

ESSENTIAL CONDITIONS

1. The applicant must be an unmarried girl of Indian nationality. She should be between 15-20 years of age.

2. She should be prepared, if selected Ambiprincess, to come to Bombay for the All-India Contest and to appear in a one-piece swim-suit. The Sponsors will provide free passage and accommodation at Oberoi-Towers. If selected Miss Young India she should be prepared to go for the Miss Young International Contest, where she will have to abide by its rules and regulations. Fill in the Entry Form alongside, and send it in immediately.

Miss Young India and her Runner-up will receive a fabulous wardrobe from SHRI AMBICA



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Eve's Weekly

IN ASSOCIATION WITH



Shri Ambica Mills

SPONSOR

Ambiprincess

CONTEST TO SELECT

Miss Young India

FOR
MISS YOUNG INTERNATIONAL 1980
ALSO

AMBISCOPE FASHION SHOWS



REGIONAL ENTRY FORM (MISS YOUNG INDIA)

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

FULL NAME OF CONTESTANT :

ADDRESS :

TELEPHONE NO :

DATE OF BIRTH :

PLACE OF BIRTH :

OCCUPATION :

EDUCATION :

AMBITION :

NATIONALITY :

HEIGHT :

WEIGHT :

BUST :

WAIST :

HIPS :

NO. OF PHOTOGRAPHS ENCLOSED :

I promise to abide by all the contest rules. I am single. My parent/guardian has no objection to my entering the contest. My photographs can be published anywhere in connection with the contest. The decision of the judges will be final and binding on me. I would like to enter the contest in Bangalore/Madras/Hyderabad/Calcutta/Delhi/Ahmedabad/Bombay. (Strike off the places not required).

Signature of Parent/Guardian

Signature of Contestant

ENTRIES CLOSE ON 26th OCTOBER

EVE'S WEEKLY LTD. BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG BOMBAY-23

WIN Rs. 35,000 IN CASH AND GIFTS

Eve's Weekly is pleased to announce that it will hold in association with Shri Ambica Mills an All-India Beauty Contest with Fashion Pageant to select Miss India for Miss International 1980, sponsored by Kokusai Bunka Kyokai (International Cultural Association) with the co-operation of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Japan.

Regional Beauty Contests and Fashion Festivals will be held at Bangalore, Madras, Hyderabad, Calcutta, Delhi and Ahmedabad between November 1 and December 5, 1979 to be followed by the Bombay Regional Contest and the All-India Contest and Fashion Pageant at Bombay on December 11 and 12, respectively. In addition, Fashion Pageants will also be held at Cochin, Kanpur, Amritsar and Baroda.

Regional Contests will be known as Ambiqueen Contests. Miss India will be selected at a function in Bombay from among the seven Ambiqueens and will be provided a free return air passage to Japan, by courtesy of Air India, to appear in the Miss International Contest. Miss International will receive a cash prize of U.S. \$10,000 and a Trophy.

PRIZES

Winner of Miss India title Rs. 3,000 plus gifts, and Runner-up Rs. 1,000 plus gifts. Winners of Ambiqueen title, Rs. 500 each, plus gifts. And gifts to Runners-up.

GIFTS

The Gifts offered include TV sets, Refrigerators, Cooking Ranges, Sewing Machines and Cosmetics.

ESSENTIAL CONDITIONS

1. The applicant must be an unmarried girl of Indian nationality. She should be between 18-23 years of age.

2. She should be prepared, if selected Ambiqueen, to come to Bombay for the All-India Contest and to appear in a one-piece swim-suit. The Sponsors will provide free passage and accommodation at Oberoi-Towers. If selected Miss India she should be prepared to go for the Miss International Contest, where she will have to abide by its rules and regulations. Fill in the Entry Form alongside, and send it in immediately.

Miss India and her Runner-up will receive a fabulous wardrobe from SHRI AMBICA



**Shri Ambica
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**MISS INDIA
WILL FLY
WITH ME**



Eve's Weekly

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SPONSOR

Ambiqueen CONTEST

TO SELECT

MISS INDIA

FOR

MISS INTERNATIONAL 1980

ALSO

AMBISCOPE FASHION SHOW



REGIONAL ENTRY FORM (MISS INDIA)

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

FULL NAME OF CONTESTANT :

ADDRESS :

TELEPHONE NO:

DATE OF BIRTH :

PLACE OF BIRTH :

OCCUPATION :

EDUCATION :

AMBITION :

NATIONALITY :

HEIGHT :

WEIGHT :

BUST :

WAIST :

HIPS:

NO. OF PHOTOGRAPHS ENCLOSED:

I promise to abide by all the contest rules. I am single. My parent/guardian has no objection to my entering the contest. My photographs can be published anywhere in connection with the contest. The decision of the judges will be final and binding on me. I would like to enter the contest in Bangalore/Madras/Hyderabad/Calcutta/Delhi/Ahmedabad/Bombay. (Strike off the places not required).

Signature of Parent/Guardian
ENTRIES CLOSE ON 26th OCTOBER

Signature of Contestant

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CHOW, FOR NOW

Premila Lal

The recipes in this spread are for evenings when you don't want to cook a full-scale meal but just want something quick, light but substantial to feed the hungry ones when they come home clamouring for food. Often meat, fish, poultry and vegetables are cooked individually. So it's time now to think of some exciting, unusual new combinations and team them together into delicious shrimp chow, chicken chow chow, chop suey and panthay kaneswe. Simple, economical and easy to prepare and a tasty way to combine meat and fish with vegetables, spaghetti and noodles.

SHRIMP CHOW

- 500 grams shrimps shelled
- 400 grams carrots, cauliflower and beans, chopped
- 1 cup onion, chopped
- ½ cup celery, chopped
- 3 tbsps. butter
- ½ cup mushrooms, chopped
- 1 tbsp. cornflour
- 2 cups stock (made from heads and shells)
- 1 cup tomato puree
- 1 tbsp. soya bean sauce
- Salt to taste
- 125 grams cooked noodles

Melt the butter in a pan and saute the onion and celery. Add the chopped vegetables and saute. Add mushrooms and shrimps. After five minutes add the tomato puree and mix well. Add stock and salt to taste. Cook



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for great-tasting nourishment.

till shrimps are done. Add a little extra stock or water if necessary. Mix the cornflour with a little water. Add the soya bean sauce to the shrimp chow and stir. Add the cornflour mixture. When the mixture begins to thicken, lower the flame and simmer for a few minutes. Remove from fire. Serve hot mixed with noodles.

FRIED CAPSICUM AND BEAN SPROUTS

- 3 large firm capsicums
- 500 grams bean sprouts
- 125 grams noodles
- 5 tbsps. oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. monosodium glutamate (ajinomoto)
- 1 tsp. soya sauce
- 2 tbsps. wine (optional)

Put the noodles into a pan of boiling water, with a little salt and boil. Drain and place on a flat dish. Mix the soya sauce into the noodles, and leave on the dish. Clean, wash and drain the bean sprouts. Clean, wash and seed the capsicums and cut into very fine strips. Heat the oil in a pan and fry the bean sprouts and capsicum. After two minutes add salt, monosodium glutamate and wine. Stir, remove from fire and pour over the noodles. Serve hot.

MIXED CHOP SUEY

- 350 grams Chinese noodles
- 250 grams lean meat or chicken
- 3 cups finely sliced vegetables (carrots, bamboo shoots, capsicums, beans, mushrooms, cucumber, turnips etc.)
- 1 cup bean sprouts
- 125 grams ham, chopped
- 125 grams shrimps, cleaned
- 2 tbsps. soya sauce
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 tbsp. cornflour
- Salt to taste
- ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate
- 2 green chillis, finely chopped

FOR THE MARINADE

- 1 tbsp. soya sauce
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate
- A pinch ground ginger
- A pinch salt
- 1 tbsp. water

Slice the meat into thin strips. The vegetable should also be cut into strips about one inch long. Marinate the meat in the prepared mixed marinade for about 15 minutes. Cook noodles

and drain. Keep warm in a dish.

Heat two tablespoons salad oil and fry the meat till tender. Add the vegetables, ham, shrimps and half cup boiling water. Simmer for about five minutes.

Meanwhile blend together the soya sauce, sugar, vinegar, cornflour, salt, monosodium glutamate and enough water. Pour over the cooking mixture and simmer another three to four minutes. Pour over the noodles. Top with a crisp fried egg and serve immediately.

CHICKEN CHOW CHOW

- 1 small chicken
- 250 grams egg noodles
- 3 large tomatoes, chopped
- 2 eggs
- 2 green chillis, chopped
- 1 onion, minced
- 1 cup cabbage shredded
- 1 cup carrots finely sliced
- 1 cup peas, cooked

Small bunch spring onions, chopped

- 1 cup oil
- Salt to taste

Cut the chicken into small pieces and remove the bones. Boil the bones in salted water for the stock. Heat half cup oil and fry the chicken. When brown, add the chopped tomatoes, one cup water and salt and simmer over a low fire till the gravy is absorbed and the chicken is tender.

Beat the eggs. Add chopped green chilli, minced onions and

salt to taste. Heat half of the remaining oil and fry, making a thin omelette. Cut into thin strips and keep aside.

Cook the cabbage and carrots quickly in boiling salted water. Remove when cooked but still firm. Cook the noodles in the bone stock.

Heat the remaining ghee and fry the chopped spring onions, gradually adding the rest of the vegetables, tossing lightly. Fry for two minutes. Mix the vegetables, noodles and chicken taking care not to break the noodles. Serve garnished with strips of omelette.

PANTHAY KANESWE

- 1 medium-sized chicken
- 1 packet cooked spaghetti or noodles
- 1 cup thin coconut milk
- 1 cup thick coconut milk
- 4 sour limes, quartered
- 1 bunch fresh coriander, chopped
- 3 bunches spring onions, chopped
- 1 large onion, sliced
- ¼ cup boiled channa dal, ground to a paste
- 1 cup oil
- Salt to taste

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE

- 4 large onions
- 6 cloves garlic
- 1 piece ginger
- 8 red chillis
- ½" piece turmeric

Heat the oil and fry the ground masala. Joint the chicken and fry in the masala. Fry well, then

add enough water to cook the chicken till tender. Stir in the channa paste, sliced onion and the coconut milk. Simmer till the onion is cooked, then add salt and the thick coconut milk. Serve with spaghetti or noodles, garnished with sour limes, sliced spring onions and coriander.

CHINESE FRIED PRAWNS WITH CAPSICUM

- 500 grams prawns shelled
- 1 tbsp. cornflour
- Oil for deep frying
- 2 wafer-thin slices of ginger
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 2 medium-sized capsicums, finely minced
- 2 tbsps. sugar
- 3 tbsps. oil
- 1 tbsp. soya bean sauce
- 2 tbsps. vinegar
- ¼ tsp. monosodium glutamate
- 1 grated carrot
- ½ tsp. salt
- 125 grams noodles (boiled)

Mix the prawns well with the cornflour and deep-fry in hot oil until they change colour. Remove and keep aside.

In a bowl, mix the sugar, soya bean sauce, salt, vinegar and monosodium glutamate. Keep aside. Heat the oil in a pan and fry the capsicums, grated carrot, ginger and garlic for three minutes. Add the soya sauce mixture and bring to a boil. Throw in the prawns and simmer for three minutes. Remove from fire, mix in cooked noodles and serve hot.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

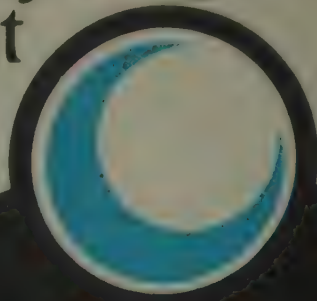
Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize.

- 1) A 3-in-one Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) a Gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A 1000 ml. pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LTD., Cochin.



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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Mrs. Sheela, Madras.

CHICKEN AND CORIANDER LEAVES KORMA

- 1 medium size chicken
- 3 cups coriander leaves, chopped
- 1 cup coconut, grated
- 1 cup curds
- 20 green chillis
- 1 pod garlic
- 1" piece ginger
- 1 tsp. aniseed
- 1" piece cinnamon
- 6 cloves
- 2 large onions
- 2 tbsps. oil
- 1 lime

Salt to taste

Chop the onions finely. Cut the chicken into pieces and marinate in curds. Leave aside. Extract milk from the coconut and keep aside. Grind the green chillis, garlic, ginger and aniseeds into a fine paste. Heat oil and add the cinnamon and cloves. When they begin to splutter add the onions and fry them golden brown. Add the ground masala paste and the chopped coriander leaves. When you get the aroma of the coriander leaves add the chicken with curd mixture and salt. When the chicken is tender, add the coconut milk and the lime juice. Boil for one minute. Serve hot with chappatis or rice.



Mrs. D. DeNiese, Kolhapur.

MUTTON AND TURAI BIRYANI

450 grams rice

- 125 grams mutton
- 3 medium size turai (snake gourd)
- 100 grams ghee
- ½ cup curd
- 25 grams plums, dried
- 25 grams cashewnuts
- 1 apple
- 3 large onions
- Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE :

- 1 bunch coriander leaves
- A sprig mint leaves
- 5 green chillis
- A piece of ginger
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- ½ coconut
- 1 pod garlic

Clean the turai and cut into cubes. Dice the apple. Soak in curds. Keep aside. Heat ghee. Fry plums, cashewnuts and set aside. Fry one onion, finely cut into rings. In the remaining ghee fry the other onion, add ground masala and fry gradually adding water till ghee appears on the top.

Now add mutton pieces and the remaining stock. Add turai pieces and apples with curds and simmer for a while. Finally add salt, along with the washed rice. Add sufficient water to cover rice and cook till done. Garnish with fried onion rings, plums and cashew, sliced hard-boiled eggs may be used for decoration.

WEEKLY WINNER

Mrs. G. G. RAO,
Secunderabad.



Mrs. Rao wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tir from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

CHICKEN MALAI BAKE

- 1 large chicken
- ½ litre milk
- ¼ litre fresh cream (malai)
- 100 grams ghee
- 100 grams cashew nuts
- 100 grams raisins
- 5 onions
- 4 eggs
- 6 cloves garlic
- 6 green chillis
- 1" piece ginger
- A large pinch sugar

Clean and joint the chicken into medium size pieces. Grind chillis, ginger and garlic into a fine paste. Heat a little ghee in a sauce pan and fry one sliced onion until golden brown. Add the ground paste, chicken pieces and salt and fry till chicken is light brown. Add water and cook till chicken is tender and a little gravy is left over. Blanch and slice the cashew nuts. Fry the sliced nuts, raisins and the remaining sliced onions. Keep aside.

Shred the meat from the bones. Boil the milk till it is reduced to half. Add shredded chicken and sugar and cook till the milk is absorbed. Pour the gravy in a buttered dish. Spread a layer of chicken, a layer of fried onions, a layer of cashew nuts and raisins and a layer of cream. Repeat the layers once again. End with a layer of cream. Lastly put beaten eggs on top as desired. Bake till the eggs set.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipes — non-vegetarian or vegetarian — according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

November, 1979
FESTIVE SWEETS

December, 1979
CAKES

January, 1980
FRESH FRUIT DESSERTS

All entries for November should reach us by October 5, December entries by November 5, and January entries by December 5, 1979.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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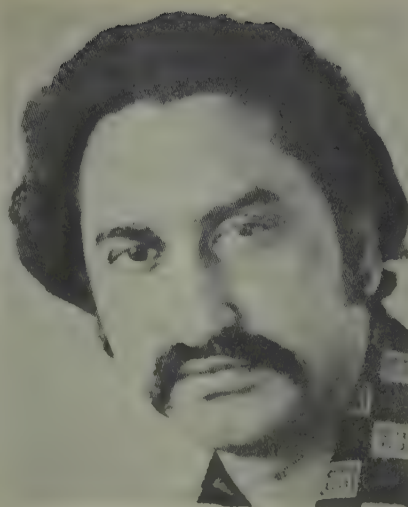


Perhaps there never was a time when the subject of Western pop music evoked a more lively response than today, when it seems to be the rage, particularly among modern urban youth. They take pride in flaunting their latest records of the world hits, presumably as one of the tangible symbols of 'modernism.'

Yet, despite the breathtaking rate at which pop groups and singers are proliferating in India, it seems strange that only a handful of them have cut records. Says Mr. Virendra Luther, head of Recordings, Polydor of India, "The artistes' desire to cut discs is very much there, but eventually it is up to the recording com-

pany to grant them the opportunity to do so." Explaining further, he said, "Record making is a complex proposition technically and economically."

Shorty, a disc of folk songs by popular singer Madhulika Saran will be cut by Polydor of India. This housewife was spotted by a recording executive at a night club in Delhi. With his long experience he gauged the possibilities of her making a record, and approached her with the prestigious request. Of course, Madhulika had never even conceived the idea of becoming a professional singer, and modestly said, "I had no ambitions music-wise, and was catapulted into music when for a lark I sang at a party and was given a write up by some journalists who were present there. After that came an offer to sing at a show called the 'Singing Stars of



Mr. Virendra Luther, Head of Recording, Polydor.

going to the company." He is of the opinion that artistes prefer concentrating on performances as they are monetarily more rewarding than attempting to make records which is a gamble.

Building up an artiste with a view to boosting the sales of his/her records is undoubtedly a gambler's game. Hence a detailed study of the prospects of the singer's success has to be made. This is known as the "Internal Assessment Market Projection." As a top-notch recording executive put it, "Creativity is combined with a tremendous hunch," implying that whenever a recording company comes forward to launch a new artiste it is a leap in the dark, for sometimes estimates of the possibilities of the star clicking misfire, and the result is a big loss to the company. Or sometimes this 'hunch' can blossom into a huge

INDIAN POP STARS



Maurice Concessio and his dance band.

pany to grant them the opportunity to do so." Explaining further, he said, "Record making is a complex proposition technically and economically."

The quality of the voice has to be tested before venturing into the recording process. All voices are not suitable for recording, however mellifluous or silver-toned the quality might be in real life. In such cases judgement can only be made by a person with a well-trained ear and a veteran in the field of recording. This decision having been made, another judgement has to be made, and that is the type of songs that a particular voice is suited for — folk or ethnic songs, or pop (disco) songs.

India,' and offers to make records."

There are two approaches to record making — (1) the artiste takes the initiative and approaches the company, or (2) the recording company keeps its ears and eyes open to spot talent, as in the above mentioned instance.

In the first case, the artiste takes on himself the total financial burden, which is a formidable sum (ranging from Rs. 15,000 to Rs. 20,000), whereas in the latter case the company bears the entire cost which includes publicity and building up of the artiste's image. The famous band leader, Maurice Concessio, who has recorded a few songs, mostly his own composi-

tions, mentioned that it was after much persuasion from a colleague who was agreeable to bear the major part of the expense that he approached the H.M.V. recording company. This proved a successful venture, wherein he recovered his cost as well as made a decent margin of profit.

However, today Mr. Concessio throws upon the idea of the artiste taking the initiative. "It would be cheapening ourselves," he says and clarifies this apparent contradiction by saying that it was solely at his friend's repeated requests and his readiness to share the cost that he took the decision. He further explained, "If some big financier comes forward, I wouldn't mind

IN SPITE OF THE APPEAL WESTERN POP MUSIC HAS FOR MANY PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY, INDIAN POP STARS RECEIVE LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT FROM EITHER FINANCIERS OR THE PUBLIC, TO MAKE RECORDS.

Rosanna Rebello

profit both for the company and the singer.

It was pointed out by some recording specialists and singers that there is a misconception among us that foreign artistes are a cut above Indians, and completely overshadow them in talent. Hence there is a reluctance to purchase records of international hits by Indians, which cripples the company and the stars. This is the reason why recording companies focus primarily on Indian film songs and ghazals, throwing only a cursory glance at western music. As Mr. Luther puts it, "No international record can rival the highest selling Indian movie hit in India — while 'Sholay' sold almost 3,00,000 copies, 'Abba' and 'Saturday Night Fever', sold only about 50,000 each."

Recording of Indian film songs and Indian classics is expedient since it is the chief source which feeds the rest of the world with Indian music while international hits are obtainable in almost all the countries of the world. Moreover, there is bound to be





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INDIAN POP STARS

a pronounced disparity between a foreign recording of an international hit and an Indian one, which will decidedly tip the balance in favour of the former.

The obvious reason for this is the obsolescence and poor quality of the recording equipment being used in India. This seems to be what deters most Indian singers from coming forward to cut discs. Mr. Bashir Sheikh, an executive in a recording company as well as the leader of the beat group "Sweet Dynamite," scoffed at the recording apparatus that they (singers) have to make do with here. "We have to make the best out of the worst. On a record defects are magnified." He had made records in the early '70's under the group name "Savages," which were quite good sell-outs. However, he wouldn't venture in this direction again because the rapid progress made abroad in recording technology has not yet reached Indian shores.

This opinion is shared by the Indian singing legend, Mr. Ajit Singh, too, who will be making a couple of records of his own compositions with a U.S. company in 1980. "Here in India there is no device for dubbing, while abroad the records are well edited, and it is possible to make additions and subtractions even after the recording. There the art of recording is so highly developed that recordings are done on 32 and 24 tracks and finally mixed down to 10 tracks."

Apart from the substandard equipment, it was pointed out by Mr. Sheikh that the recording engineers "are not competent enough. I think there is no recording engineer in India who is efficient enough to record western songs."

An intriguing reason advanced by Mr. Ajit Singh why Indians shy away from recording is, "the unavailability of good music arrangers owing to the low budget set aside by recording companies for Western music, which in turn is due to the poor demand for records by local singers."

Music arrangers have to write out the music for the different instruments — violin, organ, guitar and the like. This being a cumbersome task, it involves a tidy sum of money.

Mr. Ajit Singh also mentioned to me that when he was at the crest of his glory in India

there was a wild demand for his records, so much so that the demand far outstripped the supply of his records. The dearth was so acute that it sparked off a barrage of violent letters from his fans to the recording company, which meekly pleaded a breakdown in the distribution network in Calcutta. This put Ajit off, and he stopped making any more records in India after that.

He also remarked that a singer in India is not brought into the limelight and given adequate publicity, which is very essential for a star to click. But for reasons mentioned earlier, recording companies are rather circumspect in this regard.

Here in India it is not possible to carry out sustained campaigns like concerts because, according to an official from a recording company, "the taxes are very high. To evade them the show is made into a variety entertainment, which makes the prospective star just one of the participants in the programme."

Nevertheless, a record to the credit of a singer is a matter of

pride and prestige to him here. Yet Sharon Prabhakar who also sings, thinks, "It is ridiculous to make records."

Ostensibly, the general attitude towards local singers needs to be corrected. Most people blindly go in for records by foreign artistes even though an Indian can produce a finer rendering in terms of tonal quality of the same song.

There are singers of the calibre of Biddu, a native of the Nilgiris, who is a composer, writer and performer, whose talent was not recognised here. Consequently he had to make it to the U.K. where he is shining like a luminous star. The singer pathetically complained, "Here in India we have no scope to record originals because they are not appreciated by the locals; we have to cater to the needs of the people rather than give them what we'd like to."

The obsession with the West and its fads have made us blind to our rich profusion of singing talent, and our singers who wish to record will continue to get a raw deal till this attitude changes.

Indian singing star Ajit Singh.



THE WINDOW

Continued from page 39

ing they discovered that everything — except the bricks — had been washed away.

So they returned to the window.

A mynah had been in a fight and the feathers had been knocked off its head. A bougainvillea creeper that had been climbing the wall had sent a long green shoot in through the window.

Chummo said, "Now we can't shut the window without spoiling the creeper."

"Then we won't close the window," said Amir.

And they let the creeper into the room.

The rains passed and an autumn wind came whispering through the branches of the banyan tree. There were red leaves on the ground and the wind picked them up and blew them about so that they looked like butterflies. Amir would watch the sunrise, the sky all red until the first rays splashed the window-sill and crept up the walls of the room. And in the evening Chummo and Amir would watch the sun go down in a sea of fluffy clouds. Sometimes the clouds were pink, sometimes orange; they were nearly always coloured clouds, framed in the window.

"I'm going tomorrow," said Chummo one evening.

Amir was too surprised to say anything.

"You stay here all the time, don't you?" she said.

Amir nodded.

"When I come again next year, you'll still be here, won't you?"

"I suppose so," said Amir.

In the morning the tonga was at the door, and the servant, the aunt and Chummo were in it. Amir was at his window. Chummo waved up to him. Then the driver flicked the pony's reins, the tonga creaked and rattled, the bell jingled. Through the compound gate and down the path went the tonga, and all the time Chummo waved.

When the tonga was out of sight Amir took the spray of bougainvillea and pushed it out of the room. Then he closed the window. It would be opened, only when the spring and Chummo came again.

The ZODIAC story

An early setback heralds bigger things

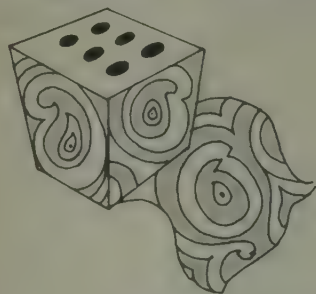
Would you believe that the company that brings you the finest selection of men's and ladies wear and accessories, began modestly as an import house? That was way back in 1954.

And trading was exactly what Metropolitan Trading Company did. First there were lemon squeezers from Yugoslavia, made of glass. The squeezers broke in transit. "They were not fit for resale", recalls Mr. M. Yusuf Noorani, the founder of the company, "and a lot of money was lost"

After this early setback, life began to look up. Lemon squeezers were, of course, out. But the company had other agencies and the leather belts imported by them from America became a craze. They were the best selling belts in India till their import was banned.

Other imports included: Socks, ties and tie-fabric, handkerchief cloth, even hardware.

The gamble that paid off



A firm (now a competitor) placed an import order with Metropolitan Trading Company for tie-fabrics from France. But the promised letter of credit was never established. At the last moment, the buyer changed his mind. Metropolitan Trading Company had to honour its commitment and Mr. M. Yusuf Noorani instructed the manufacturer to despatch the fabric. It was a gamble.

As it turned out, Mr. Yusuf Noorani had unwittingly stumbled on a highly

lucrative proposition. The fabrics were converted into ties. The ties sold. Profits were good. Here was the breakthrough.

"Why not import neckties and necktie fabrics", thought Mr. Yusuf Noorani. The best way to do this would be to go to Europe and personally select from the vast range of designs of the various manufacturers abroad. Mr. Yusuf Noorani bought the latest designs that were in vogue in Europe and in the very first year when the firm marketed the ties they were a great success. Every year Mr. Yusuf Noorani went to Europe to buy new designs for neckties.

Metropolitan Trading Company became the trend setters. Ties were called Slim-Jim. They were narrow, straight-cut shape, V-Shape, horizontal stripes, underknot designs.

The 1960's era.

Breakthrough in export. To countries that gave ties to the world.

The 1950's ended on an encouraging note. Sales rose. The designs brought by Metropolitan Trading Company from Europe became a rage in India. The tie revolution had arrived. Trouble began in 1960. The import of tie fabric was banned. But the company had enough experience of ties to venture into the creation of Indian tie fabrics.

With foresight and initiative Mr. Yusuf Noorani started exploring the possibility of exporting these neckties made from handwoven

fabrics. Initial reaction from friends and well-wishers was that it would be like carrying coal to Newcastle. With full faith in his product Mr. Yusuf Noorani persevered. His first export order came in 1960 from the U.S.A. Ties flew across the oceans to the 'New World'. And Metropolitan Trading Company had succeeded in carrying coal to Newcastle!



The premier exporter of neckties from India also became India's largest exporter of this product.

Ties proved to be very much a part of the usual fashion cycle. The late 1960's ushered in the era of broad ties. Necktie exports boomed through this decade. Metropolitan Trading Company was the largest exporter

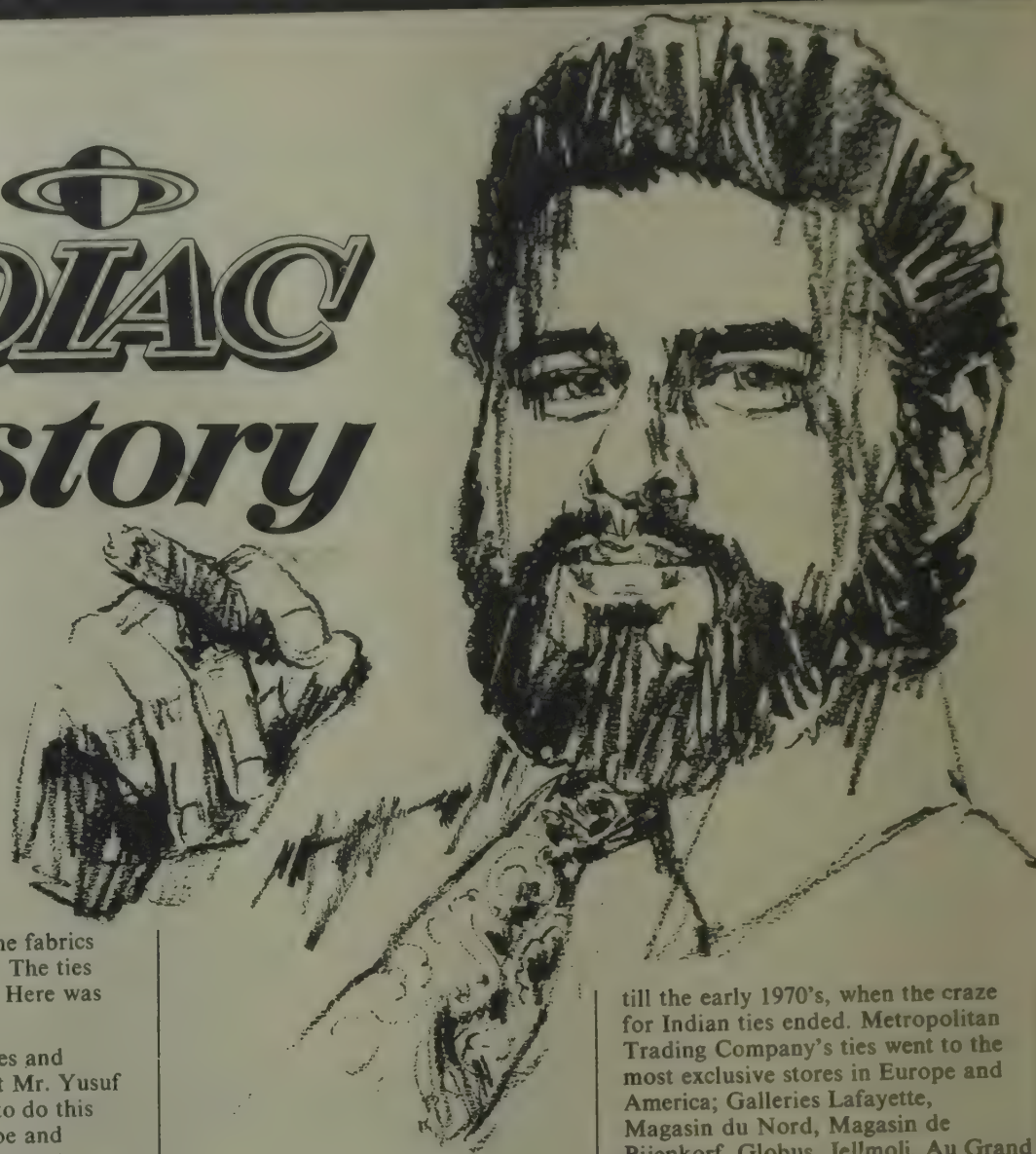
till the early 1970's, when the craze for Indian ties ended. Metropolitan Trading Company's ties went to the most exclusive stores in Europe and America; Galleries Lafayette, Magasin du Nord, Magasin de Bijenkorf, Globus, Jellmoli, Au Grand Passage, Au Printemps, Selfridges, and reputed tie manufacturers in Europe and America. Fashion took a turn. In the West, Casual wear came into vogue and ties were relegated to the back counters.

With sharp presence of mind 'Zodiac' converted a set-back into an opportunity. With whole hearted support from existing tie customers, they offered casual shirts to the Western markets. The response was overwhelming. Now shirts flew across the Seas to the high points of the fashion trade in Europe. This was the period when bleeding Madras shirts were the rage abroad and accordingly bleeding Madras shirts were exported. This was a small beginning of garment exports for Metropolitan Trading Company.

In India

In India 100% Polyester ties were marketed under the 'Zodiac' brand, in 1961. They were permanent-press, non-crease and washable. Nothing like it had ever been made in India before.

With 'Zodiac', the 'Zodiac' man was born. You saw him everywhere, in magazines and newspapers. And you remembered him; he was striking. Tall and rugged. He sported a beard, neatly trimmed. And he wore a tie.



In 1974, Illustrated Weekly of India, in an article on the most popular advertising campaigns in the country, stated that the 'Zodiac' man stood second in popularity only to the Air India Maharaja.

Be an Aristocrat —in a Zodiac 'Kingsmen' tie

Whether you drive home in the blue-blooded robes of nobility or not, doesn't matter a whit. You can still be a gentleman of distinction when it comes to choosing a tie. All you do is — choose a ZODIAC tie.

Zodiac ties come in a wide range of fabrics and wonderful, available 'textures'. They are lined, stitched and pressed to fall straight, knot neatly and look right. Most appreciate majestic motif, dignified design — Zodiac tie has them all.

ZODIAC tie
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Available at all good stores.

METROPOLITAN TRADING COMPANY
Bombay Street Building,
80 P.N. Road, Bombay 1



Fashions that emerged from Carnaby Street found followers everywhere, including India. The wide, floral tie had arrived. 'Zodiac' introduced the wide tie with bold patterns that would have been perfectly appropriate in the best European fashion circles.

In 1969 Mr. M. Yusuf Noorani's son Mr. Anees Noorani made his entry into Metropolitan Trading Company.

The 1970's era

Business ran in Mr. Anees Noorani's blood—he proved to be a chip of the old block. It was his efforts that had taken Metropolitan Trading Company's shirt exports from the



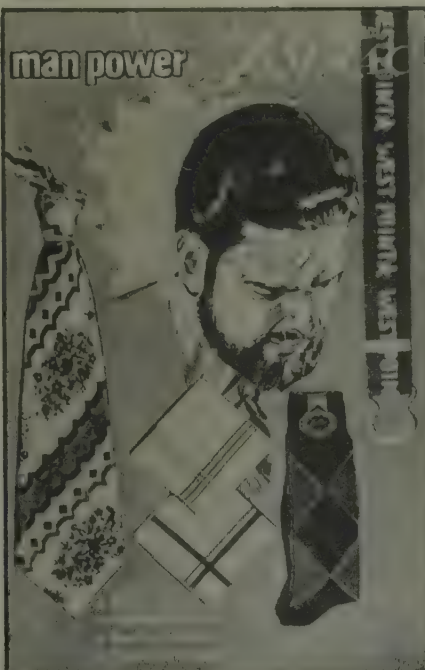
minuscule beginning to the impressive quantum that exists today. He travels extensively. And participates regularly in the Trade Fairs in Europe. He generated the creation of Metropolitan Trading Company's own fabrics and own styles. And the company, an 'Export House' recognised by the Government of India is one of the ten largest exporters of garments in India. Which naturally led to the winning of a number of export awards.

Metropolitan Trading Company's latest item on the export horizon is their launch of ladies wear which is exported to Europe. This again, on an initiative taken by young Mr. Anees Noorani.

More Manpower from 'Zodiac'

On the domestic front, other products were added. Socks, handkerchieves, belts.

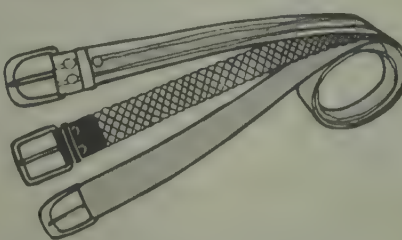
Socks: This started as a small splash but has now expanded to proportions where production cannot cope with the demand. The usual socks available on the market were nylon. 'Zodiac' last year came out with 'Cotlon' socks for better foot hygiene. These socks have a high percentage of cotton in them. 'Cotlon' was immediately snapped up by the trade, which clamoured for more.



Kerchieves: 'Zodiac' cautiously went into kerchieves. With the first launch of the product, 'Zodiac' realised there was no dearth of orders. The quality of kerchieves was of the usual high standard of 'Zodiac'. They had a very soft finish and were often mistaken for foreign kerchieves. However, 'Zodiac' have not yet gone into exports because they cannot meet the ever-growing local demand.

Belts: With typical zeal 'Zodiac' emerged on the horizon with elastic

belts. They were the pioneers in this. These were snapped up in no time, particularly by teenagers and young adults. This was followed by superbly crafted leather belts.



'Zodiac' annually introduces a new range of patterns and with a high standard of quality. When belts were first launched broad belts were the fashion. Now with fashion dictating narrower belts 'Zodiac' is ready with a beautiful narrow range which compares favourably with the best in the West.

Introducing Lady Zodiac (keeping women happy)

In 1978, came a range of panties called 'Lady Zodiac'. The company had, at last, diversified into women's wear.

The range includes panties made of extra-stretch fabric (polyester blends and cotton). And panties of Lycra — an imported fabric. The panties come in transparent apple-shaped packages—a temptation for the Eve!



New products for their 25th Year

Casual knit shirts and woven shirts: In the 25th year, 'Zodiac' with the backing of its vast experience in the export market will introduce knit shirts and woven shirts for Gents. As always there will be something new, original and unusual in the range.

Packaging ideas from 'Zodiac'

Tie packaging: Over the years 'Zodiac' have used a varied and wide range of

packaging for neckties. Some packaging has been starkly simple, others have been heavily embellished, but all reflect unerring good taste. 'Zodiac' with their penchant for experimenting with new ideas and materials have won the India Star packaging awards in 1973, 1974, 1975 and the Asia Star award in 1974.

Packaging for kerchieves: Kerchieves were launched with a very practical, rigid plastic transparent packaging. This attracted a lot of comment and appreciation from consumers. They found that the box had post-purchase utility value. Past experience, when competitors copied their novel packaging ideas led 'Zodiac' to face the situation with a new packaging idea to stay one step ahead of competitors. And the consumers' reaction to this new box was highly favourable.

In its 25th year 'Zodiac' proposes to launch another attractive and unusual packaging for this product.

Packaging for belts: Another of many 'FIRSTS' to its credit, 'Zodiac' sidestepped conventional packaging methods and successfully introduced a rigid plastic transparent box. This was a bold step. The unusual packaging found ready acceptance amongst the consumers.

The Fashion recycle

Like the seasons of the year, fashions run in a constant cycle. What was 'stylish' in the twenties came back in the seventies. The Gatsby look. The narrow ties of the fifties. Smaller shirt collars. And this sweep and flourish of fashion is what 'Zodiac' is all about. For this is the world of 'Zodiac'.

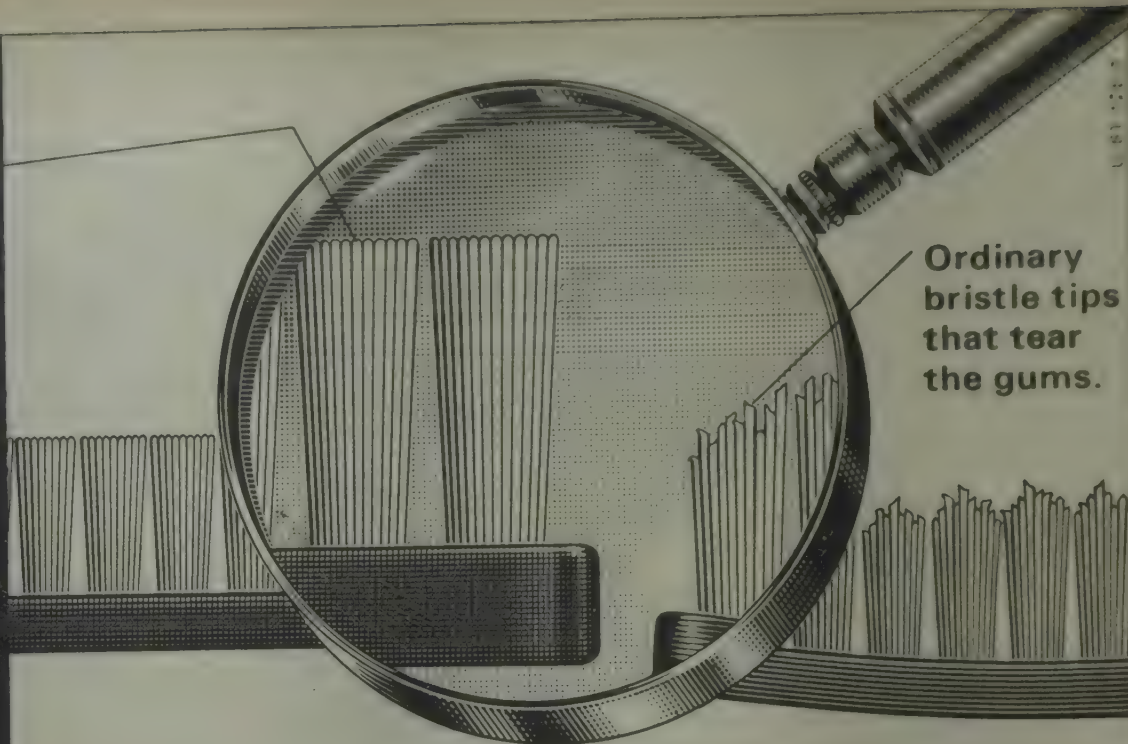
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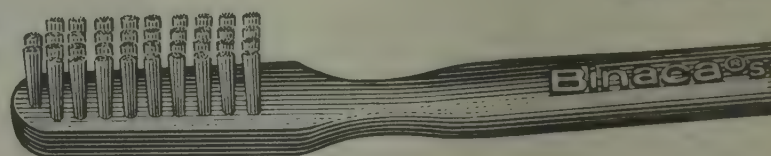
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LONELINESS WITH THE RAMAYANA

Juhi Sinha

I often think of our house in the village. It was not big or very comfortable and when we first went there, after his retirement, and after so many years in towns, I found it difficult to adjust. But we were together, and though I missed the cinema shows and market places and the noise and bustle of a big city, I soon settled down. The house with its 'pucca' courtyard, the tulsi in the centre, the swinging bough laden with mango blossom, the early morning sounds of the papiha and koel mingling with the crowing of the poultry — all this became home. Of course, I missed my sons — Ashok the elder one, married to a good girl from an orthodox family, (our selection) and Amit, the younger, working in the U.S.A., so far away from us all.

Ashok's father and I had had a good life — and now in our old age we had the richness of companionship and contentment. When he died suddenly one afternoon of a heart attack, I disintegrated into a thousand pieces. Ashok and Seema were a tower of strength, and they insisted on taking me with them. I left myself totally in their hands, and found myself in their two-roomed flat in Delhi.

How my life changed! Seema bought four white sarees for me and set up in my room all my puja photographs and idols on two shelves. I tried to find solace in prayer and meditation as was so obviously expected of one, but it was hard!

Seema respected my grief and left me to myself as she busied herself with the housework. She was horrified when I suggested I help her — I was here to rest and recover (from what, I wondered. Can one recover from loss and loneliness by a further doze of loneliness?). But no — I am being unjust — Seema is a good girl and the one meal I ate in the evening she served punctually, and with thought to my likes and dislikes.



Time passed. I made a routine of long hours of puja and meditation and felt ashamed of my lack of concentration, — thoughts darted hither and thither — colourful butterflies never still for a moment. My son and his wife were dutiful towards me and saw to my needs, but often when I was alone tears

would rush to my eyes, and the solace I sought in my hours of prayer seemed far away.

Ashok once suggested I accompany them both to see a film (entitled "Pyar Kiye Ja"), but Seema was naturally shocked, and I of course hastened to refuse. A woman's life is surely

over after her husband's death. I realised it afresh as I busied myself with my Ramayan and beads. At fifty-five this was, this should be my only life.

Then out of the blue, came Amit's letter. It disrupted my life again. He had married an American girl and wanted me to join them. The plane ticket was enclosed. How soon could I go? I felt helpless in the face of new decisions to be made. Amit seemed sure I would go — he had asked me when, not if. Ashok and Seema were indignant on my behalf.

"You won't go, of course," said Ashok. "Asking for you as though you were just a piece of baggage!"

NO DOUBT HER AMERICAN DAUGHTER-IN-LAW KNEW NOTHING ABOUT HINDU TRADITIONS, BUT THE 55-YEAR-OLD WIDOW MISSED HER WARM, IMPULSIVE AFFECTION

"No thought for your comfort Amma," said Seema. "A land of beef-eaters! Your new bahu must be eating it too I suppose!"

It was nice of them to ask for me — so much money spent — and so newly married too, I murmured.

"Shameful," said Ashok firmly. "Disgraceful behaviour."

"Write and say no," said Seema. "You won't be able to eat a thing in his house."

A strange perversity came over me! A sense, almost of exhilaration, of defiance, of guilt too, made me say inaudibly, "I will go I think — I have not seen Amit in years. It will be a change for me!"

They both looked so shocked, I almost smiled inwardly.

"You will decide what you want to do of course," said Ashok stiffly. "If you want a change you can always go to the village — why didn't you say you were bored here?"

I hastened to assuage their feelings. I was very well looked after here, indeed, if after the village I had a home. It was

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surely here. I looked forward to spending my old age with them and playing with my grandchildren. But, I said, Amit was also my son — I would like to bless him and his wife. It was after all my duty as a mother.

They were already looking a little mollified and at the word 'duty' Ashok began to look undecided. He did mutter something about Amit's lack of a sense of duty as a son, but finally agreed to make arrangements for me to go.

In the days that followed I often lay sleepless at nights. What had I got myself into? What an upheaval I had caused! My mind in turmoil, my heart sinking at the thought of meeting a new Amit made unrecognisable by his American wife. But morning brought courage and calm, and the arrangements went on for the papers to be signed, the photographs taken, for inoculations and 'visas' — strange experiences that again brought excitement in their wake.

Five weeks later, on a bright sunny morning in April, I sat gripping the arms of my Air India seat waiting to 'fly.' The safety belt had been fastened by a courteous neighbour and I fought a sense of suffocation and doom. Many weary hours and a hundred new experiences later I landed in New York — the end result of an impulsive decision taken weeks ago.

How shall I describe my first glimpse of America? It was a new world, another planet, and as I stood there among the noise and movement, the announcements and coming and going crowds, the glass and dazzle of lights, I heard a cry of 'Amma!' and was smothered in a warm embrace. Tired and confused, I tried to adjust to the idea of my 'bahu' in a pink dress, and Amit, dear Amit, smiling so proudly at each of us in turn.

Their house was a three-roomed affair — small and compact and as Jenny, my bahu, helped me unpack, I chatted with Amit. I gave the gold 'kadas' that I had been wearing to Jenny and was touched by her genuine delight. Later I hesitatingly told her that I would not eat meat. She nodded vigorously in understanding. There would be no beef cooked in the house at all, and if I objected, no meat brought in either.

"No, no," I assured her. "You and Amit must eat whatever you want — I shall cook something simple for myself..."

LONELINESS WITH THE RAMAYANA

But the kitchen was full of amazing gadgets and I looked on helplessly as Jenny moved about.

It took me a few days to settle down and get over my fatigue and one day when Amit had gone to work Jenny said "Now Amma, where would you like to go first? What do you want to see of New York?"

I shook my head. I had come to meet them and bless them. I would not interfere with their routine, I had my puja to keep me occupied.

"Puja?" she interrupted. "The whole day? Not when there is so much to see and do — shopping and stores to explore!"

"No, Jenny," I said trying to be firm. "At my age what have I to do with such worldly things?"

"Amma!" she cried. "At fifty-five, when you're so young, You can't give up the world!"

I stared at her aghast. How shall I explain to her I wondered.

"That's settled then," she said briskly. "You and I will take the bus that will take us round New York. Oh Amma, it will be such fun to show you around!"

The next morning Jenny came into my room with a saree on a hanger. "For you, Amma," she said. "I'd bought it long ago to send to you. Please wear it today."

I stared at the pretty pink and white sari and began to shake my head. "I have so many..."

"No, don't say no, please," she pleaded. "You'll look so pretty in this. Come on, please Amma..." she coaxed.

I thought of the white sarees packed so carefully by Seema and stood undecided.

"Just this once — Amit used to say pink was your favourite colour."

I did not have the heart to refuse, and after months of see-

ing the same image, staring back at me from the mirror, I looked guiltily at this smiling woman in pink. This is the last time, I told myself firmly — absolutely the last time — I am letting America sweep me off my feet. Even my long hours of puja were suffering.

The bus tour around the city was only the beginning. Often Jenny would want me to accompany her to the stores and would refuse to take no for an answer. I am sorry to admit it, but the shops fascinated me — shops with such a bewildering array of glittering goods, the purpose of most I couldn't even begin to guess at. After a trip out we would come back tired, frequently with nothing to show for our morning's outing, and then I would close the door of my room and sit down with relief for my meditation and prayer.

It surprised me that although my hours of puja had diminished considerably, my concentration seemed to have improved. Now I could think of Amit's father without a fresh flow of tears each time, and I often had 'conversations' with him about America, what did he think of the uninhibited youth of America, the sights I had seen. I smiled to myself.

The weeks went by and now the ways of an alien country began to oppress me and I grew homesick — not for a particular house or dwelling, but for a way of life, for the familiar sights and sounds that had formed my background for fifty-five years.

It was nearing the end of July and I imagined the rains in India. I smelt the damp, fragrant earth of that first magical rainfall that would release man and beast alike from the crushing heat of the summer months. The swaying trees intoxicated by the rain — how I missed it all! There is no place like one's own country I thought.

I had been making tentative suggestions for some time now, but Amit and Jenny had determinedly overruled me. But the days of my tourist visa were running out, and they had to fix a date. My son had been good to me, he had changed and grown, but without shutting me off from himself. I had cooked all his childhood favourites and he had not made obvious his preference for newer tastes. He had promised to bring Jenny to our village home next year. And Jenny, what shall I say about her? She was far from being a dutiful

daughter-in-law — she was the daughter I never had.

My suitcases were being packed, heavier now with gifts for Ashok and Seema, and the many items Amit and Jenny insisted on giving me. My refusals were futile as I packed a blue saree, cardigans and a soft blanket among other things.

"I shan't wear the blue saree you know, Jenny," I said.

"I know, Amma," she replied. "But I saw it in the store and thought of you — so keep it to remember me by!"

My eyes filled with tears I could not hide. Soon the last day, the last hour and the final minutes of farewell were upon us, and I turned to leave, looking back until the figures in the blue Tee-shirt and the lemon dress vanished from my sight.

My boxes lay open — their contents spilling out as I sat on the 'chetai' in my room in Delhi showing what I had brought for Ashok and Seema. I was tired and each joint was a separate ache. The sweltering heat of the day had given way to a cool, rainy evening, and I thought longingly of bed. The blue saree lay at the top of a heap of clothes.

"Why Amma — is that blue saree yours?" asked Seema. "How pretty it is — but, shall you really wear it?"

"No," I said slowly. "I don't suppose I shall. It is a gift from Jenny."

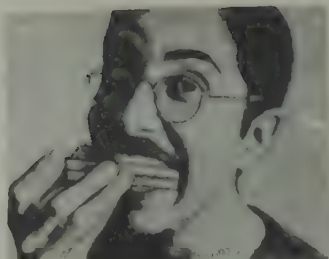
"She knows nothing of our customs — our way of life," said Ashok gravely. "Even Amit seems to have forgotten our traditions and culture."

I folded the saree and put it aside carefully, saying nothing. An elderly person has to learn to keep silent — it is the virtue above all others for old age.

It is a week now since my return. Ashok and Seema have gone out. I sit in my room in the quiet and peace of the evening — the dull distant sounds of traffic outside, comforting and soothing. The fragrance of aggarbathis and 'dhoop' is in the air, and America is now more distant and unreal than a dream. I have left its "crass materialism" behind. I have time for prayer and meditation again. I am surrounded by my Ramayan and my beads, by the Geeta and its teachings, and by an intense isolation and complete and utter loneliness.



On toasts



Between breads



Over crackers



With desserts



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WOMEN IN SPORT

Our sportswomen need and deserve more attention and encouragement than they get. We do our bit on this page.

August 1979 was a month that is best forgotten by those who have the interests of women's sport in India at heart. There were disappointments galore for those who hoped for something to take pride in, in the performances of Indian sportswomen in international meets. Prime among these was the failure of both the women's hockey teams that were sent — one for the World Cup in Vancouver, and the other for the Pre-Olympic festival in Moscow. While our women were taking a beating at hockey, our ace athletes Geeta Zutshi and Rita Sen were

made by the manager of the team, Mrs. Arnavaz Damania, that our "dribbling skills" were among the best in the world. The deep defence could not contain the roving Australian and New Zealand forwards, especially Kiwi Jenny McDonald, who had the proud distinction of scoring as many as ten goals in her team's dozen-goal whitewash of Fiji!

In consolation games, however, the Indian team redeemed itself to some extent by scoring over lowly Hong Kong, Trinidad-

Tobago, and Bermuda, to finish their campaign in the middle of the table. The tournament was won by the powerful Dutch side, which convincingly beat arch-rivals West Germany by four goals to nil in the final. The speed and stickwork of the Netherlands team were worthy of emulation, as also their superb fitness. Towards the last fifteen minutes of a match, particularly, they managed to maintain the speed at which they started, and this ability helped them increase their tally against most teams.

The Netherlands were also the very model of consistency, having beaten West Germany in each of their six previous meetings this year — a fact that is not readily known. It just shows how much ahead of the world the Dutch have got. Their men's team, incidentally, recently beat fancied Pakistan by four matches to two in a six-match friendly series. Both men and women have developed their hockey style from a rough-and-ready defence-crowding type to a skilful brand. With their natural strong build and robustness, the Dutch are going to be among the hardest teams to beat in the eighties.

Even worse than the performance at Vancouver was the Indian second string's showing at Moscow. There were just four teams in the fray — India, the G.D.R., Czechoslovakia and hosts U.S.S.R. India finished last!

What amazed observers about the Indian girls' performance was that, while they managed to draw with the two more powerful teams, the Soviet Union and the G.D.R., they went down by one goal to three to Czechoslovakia. The home team topped the table with the Germans finishing in second position. It was small consolation to India that their skipper, Rekha Mundphan, was declared the "most charming girl" of the tournament, and won a special prize. It was the Soviet way of sending India back home with at least some sort of a prize!

DISAPPOINTMENTS GALORE

Shirish Nadkarni



(L-R) Anita Sood, Roxanne Sethna, Smita Desai and Persis Madan — the quartet who set a national record in 4 x 100m. freestyle relay.

RIGHT: Indu Puri, India's no. 2, who won the Western India Women's title from national champion Shailaja Salokhe.

BELOW: Geeta Zutshi in action.



Photo: S. Nadkarni

faring equally miserably for Asia in the World Cup Athletics at Montreal. And to top it all, came the announcement of the retirement from competition of India's swimming queen, Smita Desai.

The Vancouver World Cup was the more important of the two hockey meets, and as many as 18 teams vied for top honours. India were not in the most difficult pool, clubbed as they were with New Zealand, Australia, the U.S. and Fiji. We could, at the very worst, have come in third, behind Australia and New Zealand, the two strongest teams in the pool. But we blotted our copybook by not only taking 0-4 and 1-4 thrashing at the hands of Australia and New Zealand, respectively, but also going down to the U.S. by two goals to three.

It was not a fighting performance by Rupa Saini and Co. India's attack lacked penetration, and certainly did not live up to the expectations aroused by the comment



WOMEN IN SPORT

Golden girl of the Bangkok Asiad In December 1978, Geeta Zutshi, today considered India's middle distance queen, has been consistently disappointing the Indian athletics fan ever since. Far from the gold medal-winning performance at Bangkok inspiring her to better deeds, her running has been deteriorating. In Indian trials earlier this year, she did not qualify. She was still taken for the international track meet at Tokyo, at which she failed miserably. On her Asiad performance, she was one of the two Indian women selected to represent Asia at the World Cup athletics at Montreal.

Admitted that the standard of American and European athletes is much higher than their Asian counterparts. Yet, Geeta could have at least produced her personal best timing in the galaxy of stars who entered the arena at Montreal. Instead, she came in last, over ten seconds behind the winner, Nikolina Shtereva of Bulgaria, who clocked a fraction of a second over 2 minutes. Rita Sen, selected for the 400 metres, fared no better, and seemed completely pedestrian compared to the beautifully striding world record holder Marita Koch of West Germany.

The usual conglomeration of excuses was trotted out by the chief coach of the team, Dr. C. M. Muthaiah, for the debacle of the nine Indians in the Asian squad. A 36-hour non-stop air journey, improper acclimatisation — these were expected excuses. But the one that took the cake was the statement that the Indians were selected in June, full two months before the international meet, and that they were not given the opportunity of a training camp; hence they were stale.

When will our officials learn to take a defeat in good spirit by admitting that the opposition was far superior, and deserved to win!

The only spot of balm in Gilead, as they say, was provided by 15-year-old Radha Pandit, now making a tennis playing tour of the United Kingdom. Our juniors normally match the best in the world when they are still juniors. Look at the Indian schoolboys cricket team, or at the showing of 17-year-old Ramesh Krishnan, winner of the Wimbledon and French tennis open titles. What happens thereafter is the crux of the tragedy of Indian sport. The youngsters suffer from neglect, insufficient playing facilities, official apathy as also their wayward ways in team selections, not enough international competition, et al. Before long, our youngsters are overtaken by their counterparts abroad.

Take the case of Radha Pandit. She won the Under-16 singles at Cambridgeshire, with the most facile 6-0, 6-3 victory over Sianne Stuart. She was narrowly beaten in the Under-18 final in three sets by Jeannette Lilie. A week later, Radha was bagging the Bedford Under-16 title with a fighting three-sets triumph over Belinda Borneo, considered one of England's promising juniors. Partnering Fiona Stuart, Radha showed her

THE MERMAID RETIRES



India's ace swimmer is also a post-graduate in science — organic chemistry, to be exact, with specialisation in drugs. Not that the knowledge of drugs and their use (or misuse) for enhanced performances in the international sports arena is going to help 23-year-old Smita Desai. For Smita, who first plunged into the pool when she was barely nine years old, and swam her way into a permanent niche in Indian swimming annals, has decided to call it a day.

It is rare to find a sportsperson taking the decision to retire from top-class competition when still at the very top. But Smita, with the firmness characteristic of her, has decided to close one chapter in her life, and open another. Her only regret is that her dream of donning the India colours at an Olympiad never came true.

Born and bred in Bombay, Smita comes from a middle-class family, residing in a flat overlooking the famous Shivaji Park, the place that has produced so many international sports figures. The close proximity of the Mahatma Gandhi Memorial Olympic swimming pool induced her to become a 'regular at the pool; and she soon progressed from the shallows. At the tender age of eleven, she was selected as a member of the Maharashtra State team for the 1967 Nationals in Trivandrum. She swam only in the relay, and helped the team finish second.

all-round worth by taking the Under-16 doubles title as well. She was beaten in a close semi-final by Dawn Newberry (younger sister of Janet, a professional on the women's circuit) in the Under-18 semi-finals.

It will be recalled that 18-year-old Christabelle Fernandez had a similarly successful tour a few months ago, scoring over the top juniors on the Continent. But what happens to promising juniors like these girls is the question to which Indian sport has to find a suitable answer.

In domestic competition, thrice Indian national champion Shailaja Salokhe got a bit of good competition from someone apart from No. 2, Indu Puri, at last. After Indu won the Western India title at Shailaja's expense, the latter bagged the Iodex Super crown at Bangalore in the bespectacled Indu's absence. She scored a 3-1 victory over Kiran (nee Wardekar) Singh. But at Cochin, it was Nandini Kulkarni all the way.

The following year, at the Nationals in Kanpur, she posted her first record, cracking the 100 metres butterfly stroke mark for girls under 14. The butterfly was to remain her pet event, and she was to break a number of national marks in this difficult event. In fact, in her very next national, she improved upon her own mark.

The 1972 Nationals brought out the best in Smita, as she powered her way to six gold medals in the freestyle, butterfly stroke and the individual medley. She was to bag six gold medals in as many as three Nationals — 1972, '73 and '76. She took five golds in 1977, but it was her career-best performance by way of consistency in all events, for she set four new national marks, out of which two belonged to another queen of yester-year, Rima Dutta.

Her proudest moment in the pool came in the 1975 Nationals, when she shattered the 100 metres butterfly mark, which was until then held by a foreigner, Glynis Hulme. The performance won for her the Arjuna Award the same year (she had won the Shiv Chhatrapati Award two years earlier); and she was also voted Sportswoman of the Year by the Sports Journalists Association of Bombay.

"I have not been able to get the full reward for my labour," she says sadly, when she was not chosen on India's squad for the December 1978 Asian Games. In fact, it was this scurvy treatment that was mainly instrumental in her announcing her retirement when she was still at the top. "But let us make it clear that I am not quitting the pool altogether. I hope to pass on my experience to other ambitious girls who hope to wear the country's colours someday."

Ironically, just days after she announced her retirement, her 200 metres freestyle national mark was broken by her Bombay team-mate, Mridula Shastri.

INTERNATIONAL SPORTSWOMAN OF THE MONTH

The vote goes to American athlete Evelyn Ashford, who beat the powerful West German runner Marita Koch in the World Cup at Montreal, in the 200 metres. The latter, still holds the world record for this event, having shattered it thrice in the course of the last two months. A lively struggle between the two sprinters seems in the offing in the near future, which could lead to a further eclipse of world athletics marks. Marita, however, was supreme in the 400 metres.

Evelyn, incidentally, also won the 100 metres, to lay claim to being the fastest woman runner in the world today. With less than a year left for the Moscow Olympics, Evelyn will be the favourite for the coveted 100 m. and 200 m. double.

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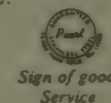


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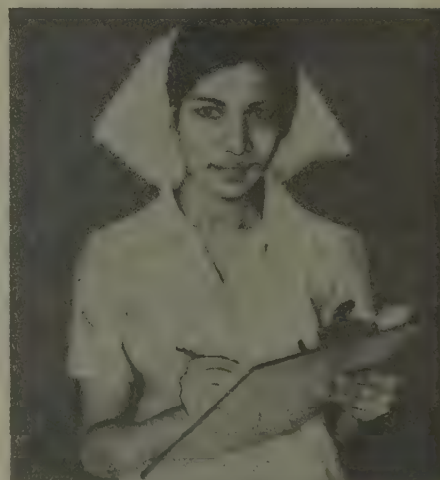


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PMW-28

Vital facts about Colds and Flu and how to fight these ailments

*"Anacin is a big help
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and flu"*
says Nurse Natalia D'Souza



What causes colds and flu?

Air-borne viruses from infected persons spread colds and flu. Normally, the body resists these viruses. But over-exertion or under-nourishment weakens the body and lowers resistance to infection.

What are the symptoms?

Bodyache, heaviness in the head, sneezing and a runny nose. Flu is often accompanied by shivering, discomfort

and sweating. Cough, sore throat, loss of appetite and fatigue may follow.

Can it lead to complications?

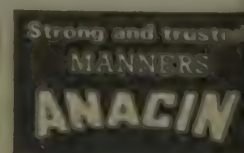
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- Keep rooms properly ventilated



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Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

Farming in India is no longer a male prerogative. Women farmers are proving to be equally successful. Sophisticated and enterprising Mrs. Sonia Pandhi is one such farmer who has been successfully cultivating her six acres of land near Delhi for the last three years.

"I personally see to everything, right from buying the seeds to selling my crop. Although I haven't made much profit during this short time, I have not lost anything either. I try to grow something new every year and it is only now that I have learnt which

its connection and no one could believe that I would be able to manage everything on my own. I proved them all wrong. But since I didn't know anything much about farming in the beginning I decided not to go into it blindfolded. I went to some of the farms in the neighbourhood and talked to the owners who were all very helpful. Now I have learnt by experience and so am not dependent on anyone."

Sonia says that she grows 3 crops a year on her farm and has to invest about Rs. 13,000 annually. So far her output has just

However this system of giving the crop on contract has its advantages too. Once the crop has been given, the contractor brings his own labour, harvests it and then sells it. A farmer's responsibility is only to see that the fields are watered and well maintained. Still I would like to break through this system, but then may be I would be cheated by the buyers in the mandi too," she added with laugh. "Anyway it is difficult to manage both the farm as well as the selling of the crop as the prices in mandi change every day and it is very difficult to deal with the buyers there."

Being a woman farmer, according to Sonia, is not a handicap. In fact, she feels that contractors and labourers are more helpful and courteous to her than to men farmers. "They all try to come on time and harvest my crop without giving me any trouble. Even the man who gives me the tractor on hire tries to come at the given time. But to have a really good crop, one must know one's land well. That is why I try to experiment and grow every crop little by little. I also like to use natural fertilisers as much as I can, as I feel they are the best. But one is very dependent on the weather in this country. Rains can make or ruin a perfectly good crop."

Sonia says that she loves her work and feels lost if she doesn't go to her farm even for two days. The vagaries of the weather do not hamper her enthusiasm. She also has to keep a watch on her crop and see that it does not catch virus and is sprayed often and regularly. Moreover, she feels that the labourers and the contractor lose interest if the owner does not take enough interest.

"If they know that I am personally interested in my farm, they always keep alert. They never know what time I'll land up there. The contractors also give less trouble if they know that I give them a good crop. I do not have to go after them, they come to me themselves. Then if my crop is good, I can get a good price for it and so I do not have to sell it for anything less than the market price. I am very firm about that," she says.

Sonia has kept half an acre of her land separately for her personal use. She grows fruits and vegetables there for her home and is very strict about taking anything from the crop which she gives on contract.

"I grew strawberries on my personal land last year and we got plenty of them to eat for the whole season. By keeping a part of the land separately for myself, I and my family always have fresh vegetables and fruits to eat. That in itself is a great satisfaction," says Sonia.

She manages her accounts herself and feels that women can certainly make good farmers if they are interested in farming and can devote enough time to it.

Jyotsana Kapoor

SONIA PANDHI

FARMING HER OWN LAND

AN ENTERPRISING WOMAN WHO HAS MADE A SUCCESS OF A CAREER THAT IS TRADITIONALLY HELD TO BE A MALE PRESERVE



crop can grow well on my land. Each piece of land, I think, is different from the other and what grows well on my land may not yield good results on my neighbour's land.

"Growing wheat on my farm has not proved to be very successful and so I have decided to give it up. But I have had some beautiful crops of peas and tomatoes and I have also grown fruit trees on my farm. The papaya trees will be ready this year and the berry trees will start bearing fruit next year. Then my farm will start yielding profits," she says with confidence.

Sonia who has always been interested in gardening had no desire to go into farming as a profession till recently. In fact, she bought this land in 1968, and it lay barren till 1976. It was only when Sonia and her husband bought a 30 acre farm in U.P. a few years back and it started giving good crops that she got interested in farming.

"Since I could not go there often, I decided to develop this land. My husband said that he had no time to do the running around. So I did all the work myself. I got a well dug, got the electricity connection within five days, bought the seeds and started the work in early '76. I literally had to plead with various people to give me the electric-

equalled her input, but she says that she gets happiness and satisfaction in seeing the crops on her farm grow. She spends a lot of time there and personally supervises all the work.

"I plan for the whole year in advance and the planning is usually done during the month of September which is a very tense period for me. I also get very nervous at the time of growing and harvesting of every crop."

Sonia gives all her crops on contract and the contractors do the harvesting and selling of the crop for her. They give her the money in advance.

"But," she says, "it is very difficult to find a really honest contractor. This is one problem I always have to face. The buyers in 'Mandis' refuse to buy from an individual farmer, and so the farmers are completely in the hands of these contractors. The farmers can't sell the crop without the help of the contractor who tries to cheat them by either quoting a lesser price or not coming on time to take away the crop on contract.

**A woman expresses herself
in many languages.**

**Vimal is
one of them.**



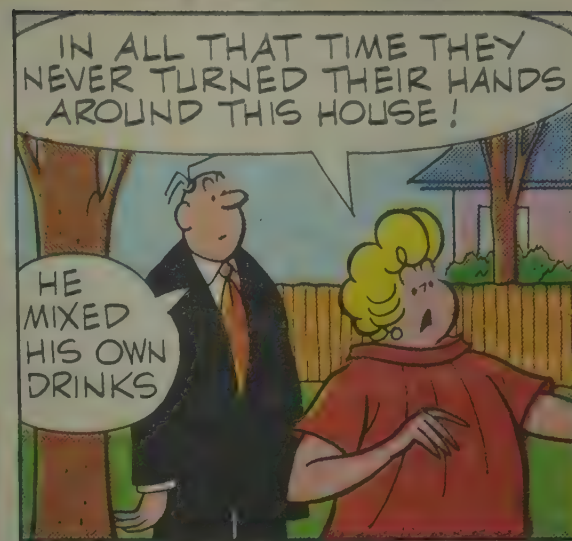
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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



L. WOMAN

In a small town the sheriff, who was also a veterinarian, was aroused from a sound sleep one night by a frantic phone call.

"Do you want me as sheriff or as the vet?" he asked.

"Both," cried the caller. "We can't get our dog's mouth open and there's a burglar in it."

Squire: "Did you send for me, my lord?"

Lancelot: "Yes, make haste. Bring me a can opener. I have a flea in my knight clothes."

Poets and babies are wonderful creatures, mostly because no one can understand what they say.

The famous general Antigonus I once visited his sick son. As he was about to enter the sickroom he met a beautiful girl who was just leaving. Upon entering, he

THAT'S A LAUGH!

found his son feeling much better.

"The fever has just left me, Father," said the son.

"Yes," replied Antigonus, "I met her going out as I came in."



At a party a bore was describing what happened to him on a trip to the Grand Canyon.

"There I stood," he continued, "drinking in the scene, with the vast abyss yawning before me."

At this point one of his tired listeners interrupted, "Was the abyss yawning before you got there?"

Two society leaders in a cannibal tribe were discussing marital problems.

"I don't know what to make of my husband these days," said one.

"Don't let that bother you," the other reassured her. "I'll send over my new recipe book."

The composer Max Reger was one of the most heartily disliked of musicians. He once read a review of one of his works that infuriated him, whereupon he wrote the following note to the critic:

"Dear Sir: I am writing this from the smallest room in the home. Your review is before me. It will soon be behind me."



A small-town weekly newspaper, conducting a militant campaign against corruption, headlined one of its news stories: **HALF THE TOWN COUNCIL ACCEPTS BRIBES.** The outraged politicians demanded an apology, and the editor promptly ran one in the next issue:

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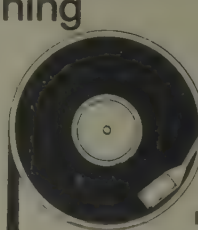


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His Master's Voice

THE alarm clock bell seemed to shrill into her deep slumber with a persistent clamour. Chitra put out a long, fair arm to stop its disturbing peal. As soon as her fingers touched the cold button, her eyes flew open. Today there was a new sense of expectancy, a difference in the awakening. Harish had come back — and to Delhi.

For a moment she lay still; then yawning, she went into the tiny kitchen. She switched on the kettle, arranged a small tray, opened the refrigerator, and poured chilled orange juice into a glass. She sat down on a stool and sipped the cool liquid thoughtfully. All her movements had a ritual deliberation. She did this every morning, had done it for the past five years — ever since Harish had gone abroad and she had moved into this flat in Delhi. She had left her parents, friends and all associates in Bombay in an endeavour to make a new life for herself, to forget Harish, and erase all the memories that lay behind them. It is said that time imperceptively dulls all memories of hurt.

Apparently he had never married. She wondered why. She knew he had never lacked for feminine company.

Six years ago she had joined as a junior secretary to one of the four Managing Directors. It was then she had first met Harish. Not yet twenty-two, she had succumbed to the virile good looking son of Mr. Khurana. A confirmed bachelor, she had been surprised at the attention she received from him. He singled her out on every occasion until it dawned on her bemused mind that they were drifting into an intimate relationship.

By the end of that year every one in the hotel seemed to have come to a common conclusion. Chitra and Harish would announce their engagement soon. No one had objected because Chitra was also an only child of Mr. Luthra, who was head of the old established firm of Luthra and Sons — Architects, Surveyors and Estate Agents.

The engagement ceremony had been celebrated with great pomp and show. Weeks had slid by and no marriage date was fixed. Chitra had refused to fix a definite date much to the annoyance of both her parents and Mr. and Mrs. Khurana. Gradually Harish also became angry at the unresolved situation.

During their brief engage-

traumatic terror of the male

Pramilla Bharat Singh

ment there had been passionate scenes, she had responded to his kisses, but when he had tried to communicate his desire, when she could feel the heat from his body through her chiffon saree, beads of perspiration began to break out at her temples and she felt tension build up in her body as nausea threatened to overcome her. She knew with certainty then that to marry him would be a sure way of destroying his maleness. He would demand full surrender which she felt she could give no man — not even Harish.

It had not been easy to convince him, but at some point along the bitter sweet engagement period Harish had turned hostile and declared, "You

bitch, you can go to hell!"

A cool and composed Chitra entered her private cubicle. Its swinging door opened into the office of Mr. Khurana. Now Harish was to occupy that chair as his father had been advised rest.

She heard footsteps enter the office. Even after all these years she recognised Harish's footsteps. They were not his. Then who could have come?

Her door swung open and Arun, the sales manager, entered. He was good looking in the athletic way — tall, lean, fair, fast moving and fast talking.

Cool black eyes warmed at the sight of him.

THE HORROR OF THAT NIGHT HAD BURNT INTO HER MEMORY, AND NOW IT THREATENED TO ROB HER OF HER RIGHT TO LOVE AND SEX

"Hello, Arun".

"You know he has come back?" he asked without any preliminaries.

"So," Chitra's voice was non-committal.

"What if he wants to carry on from where he left off? You know he has not married," he spoke crisply.

"What do you mean he wants to carry on?" demanded Chitra, furious. "He has no right now and in any case there is nothing to carry on."

"Quite right," a cool, quiet and contemptuous voice spoke from right behind them. "She has nothing to carry on with."

Two startled faces turned in one motion. With a muttered "Excuse me, Sir", Arun hurriedly left the cabin.

Chitra felt a hot flush cover her face, then the blood seemed to recede and leave her pale as she encountered the cold, hard eyes.

"You are early," she accused him.

"A pity. Is this the time you both generally get together? Does he know your maxim — thus far and no further?" he asked silkily.





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TRAUMATIC TERROR OF THE MALE

"Harish," there was remembered pain in her voice, "It is all over. You are a big man now."

"Yes, but not big enough for you." He came so close to her that their bodies almost touched. "What was it that you wanted which I could not give you? You gave me the 'hands off' treatment. Why?"

His eyes rested broodingly on hers. She became deeply aware of the muscled thigh so close to her own, of the physical tension emanating from him, and she was conscious of the quickening of her own breathing. Her eyes fastened on him, wide and apprehensive. Those five barren years slipped away. She knew she still loved him. She wanted to feel those strong arms around her, to feel his mouth on hers murmuring, "Chitra and Harish, how well they go together!"

Panic filled her and she moved away quickly, "There is a board meeting at 10 o'clock," her voice sounded strange to her ears.

His lips twisted sardonically. "How long will you run away from yourself, my efficient secretary? Bring in the papers." He turned on his heel and entered his own office.

Trembling, Chitra sorted out the files. How would she be able to continue working with him if this was how they were going to react to each other? But she need not have worried. After that brief encounter Harish did not trouble her. He became the cool director and she fell back on her role as the efficient secretary. But Arun seemed convinced that there was something between them. Once she asked him angrily, "But Arun, how can you think of such a thing?"

"Not I alone Chitra, the whole company is talking about it — that you both will get engaged again. I am the fool. I have waited patiently for three years, ever since I moved to Delhi and what do I get? A cold shoulder." Aruna's voice was harsh.

"But there is nothing between us," she pleaded.

"No," he grasped her arms. "Do you suppose a man courts a girl for three years for nothing? Are you that innocent? My dear girl, it means a man wants either to marry her or get her into bed." But at her drawn expression he moved away. "Don't

worry, I am getting posted back to Bombay.

The words came back to Chitra as she lay still on the bed. It was Sunday afternoon. She had no slept until the early hours of the morning, and after a cup of coffee decided to stay in bed. What would Harish have said if he could have heard Arun? And how would he have reacted to the rumour concerning them when there was only the cold businesslike nexus of boss and secretary between them?

The telephone cut across her thoughts. She hurried into the living room. Was it Harish?

"Mummy," her voice was dry and unemotional as she picked up the telephone and heard the voice at the other end.

"I believe Harish is back," her mother spoke excitedly.

"Yes," she replied shortly.

"Your father and I were wondering..."

"No mother," Chitra cut in. "How is Daddy?"

"He is well. But Chitra..."

Slowly but deliberately Chitra put down the telephone. A haunted look came over her face. Would she ever forget? Could she ever forgive?

Without a sound she slid on to the carpet and laid her head on the sofa. Her long hair spilled over her pale shoulders. Her thin cotton night dress revealed the sobs shaking her body.

"Oh God, help me to forget," she moaned as the tears flowed faster and it seemed as if her heart would break with the remembrance.

Ten years ago in her green and white bedroom she had undressed in graceful abandon. The party had been good. There was one guest in the house. Her father had left by the night plane on a short trip to America. The party had been to wish "bon voyage" to him. Chitra loved her father who was a quiet, shy man, although seeing him at work one wondered if he had two personalities. Was he subdued because his wife was smart, vivacious and a complete extrovert? Chitra at eighteen could still never understand her mother, she was closer to her father.

The cool draught on her slim fair body made her realize that somebody had entered her room.

Startled, she turned round.

"What are you doing here?" her voice rose hysterically. She was naked and Mr. Sawhney,

the guest, obviously half drunk, closed the door firmly behind him.

"You are very lovely," he muttered, his voice thickened with desire as he approached her.

She quickly picked up her saree and held it in front of her, but his hot hands pulled the saree away.

She uttered a desperate cry, but he put his large hand over her mouth and forced her on the bed. She felt nauseated as his mouth took her breast and his body forced her legs apart.

A growing horror and mounting faintness gave her strength. She bit his hand and cried out, "Mummy!"

"What is going on here?" Her mother was standing in the doorway, hurriedly tying up the sash of her gown as she pulled hard at the figure on the bed.

Mr. Sawhney reluctantly lifted his body from the trembling form underneath him.

"Sorry darling, wrong bedroom. I thought it was yours," drunkenly he lurched out of the room.

Dazedly she watched her mother's face as the words sank into her mind. Her mother bent down guiltily to pick up the fallen clothes. She pulled a sheet over the lovely body. Chitra was trembling badly.

"Mummy, you and..." her voice trailed away as she fell in a dead faint.

"Chitra, Chitra, what is wrong, why are you crying like this?" A gentle hand shook her from her deep reverie. What was Harish doing here? How had she not heard the bell?

"I rang, but there was no reply, so I walked in." He lifted her and she felt his body sink close to hers. She let her head fall back, she felt drained of all strength and energy. He pulled her head to his shoulder.

"Do you mind?" he asked her.

She shook her head. She closed her eyes. The nightmare was still with her. How could she make Harish understand the fear that stood between them? The horror of a man's hands on her naked body? The hand that had degraded and insulted her. The horror when her door opened and her mother had stood on the threshold.

"Go away," she had screamed.

"Chitra, it was all a mistake," her mother had tried to explain,

but she could never explain the guilt of those revealing words, "Darling, wrong bedroom."

"Chitra," Harish said as he put her away from him. "I think you understand that things have remained the same way with us. I tried to forget you and I think you must have done the same. I suffered more because you sent me away without a reason."

He bent and caught her fingers in his. They were warm and comforting. He watched her tear-filled face intently.

"I want to come back into your life," he said calmly as if they were discussing a deal.

Chitra shook her head. The denial hurt her. She wanted Harish badly, but...

"Should I talk to your mother?" he asked.

"What! No, no, no!" she cried in horror as she shrank from him.

Puzzled, he looked enquiringly at her.

"Why don't you want them to know?"

"Not her. Oh God!" and the dams of sorrow and pain burst once again. Hysterically she beat her head against the backrest.

A sudden light entered Harish's eyes. He took her firmly by the shoulders and shook her hard.

"What has your mother done to you! Tell me, or I promise I will go and ask your father personally," he threatened.

"Don't tell my father." Chitra wept piteously. "Oh Harish, how can I tell you?"

Finally he pulled her into his arms. "Tell me," he ordered.

At last the voice died away in a whisper. There was pain in Harish's voice as he said,

"The bloody bastard! I could kill him. Listen darling, I wouldn't force you, but I want you to know that I will marry you only, and after marriage I will touch you only when you find that my hands don't offend you. Love can conquer fear, Chitra. Let's begin with my love. You can give me yours when trust and faith in man has been fully restored. I can wait."

Chitra lifted grateful eyes to his. She wanted to tell him that she loved him, but the time was not ripe for that yet. She had to still overcome her fear. She prayed silently to God that time would ease the pain and she could live in peace once again.



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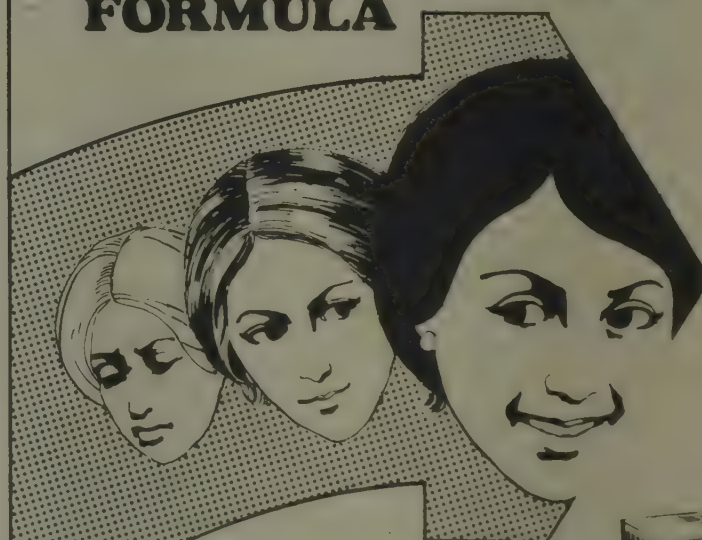
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DAYMAY'S

The beautiful should be defined as that of which the admiring contemplation is good in itself.

G. E. Moore

Beauty vanishes; beauty passes.

Walter De La Mare

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

John Keats

Beauty is an ecstasy; it is as simple as hunger. There is really nothing to be said about it.

W. Somerset Maugham

The beautiful rests on the foundation of the necessary.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT BEAUTY

Beauty is a gift of God.

Aristotle

Beauty is one of the rare things that do not lead to doubt of God.

Jean Anouilh

God's fingers can touch nothing but to mould it into loveliness.

George Macdonald

Judgment of beauty can err, what with the wine and the dark.

Ovid

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty.

Oscar Wilde

When we feel that beauty has abandoned the world, it is a sign that it has first deserted our hearts.

George Duhamel

Beauty and the lust for learning have yet to be allied.

Max Beerbohm

When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

John Dryden

Beauty hath no true glass, except it be in the sweet privacy of loving eyes.

James Russell Lowell

David Gunston

FRANKLY SPEAKING

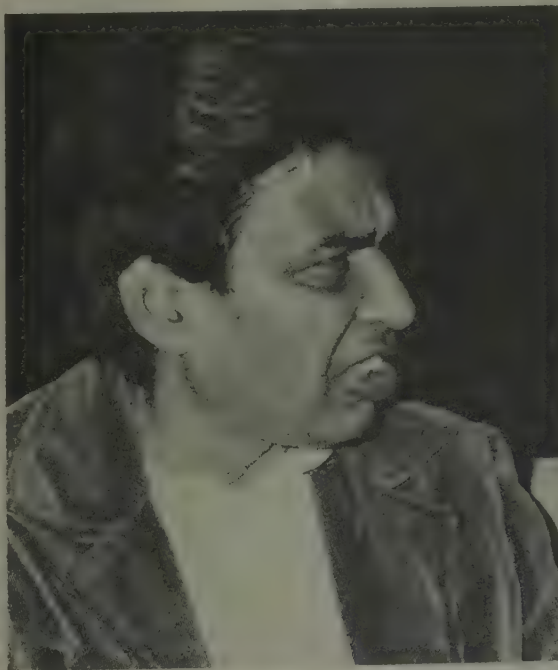
Devi

AMITABH - SHATRU: The War Is On

Jagmohan Kapoor of Bombay wrote to inform me that Gulzar's absence at Om Shivpuri's party was not due to Bosky but Kamleshwar. Dinesh Thakur has made a court case against Gulzar, accusing him of filching his play "Deewar" and moulding it into "Kinara". Kamleshwar is the chief witness for the complainant. Gulzar is an old hand at Chori Chori, but what I fail to understand is why he filched such a lousy, outdated plot. But then Gulzar has an unnatural love for the physically handicapped. In "Koshish" we had a dumb, deaf, blind plus lame man.

* * *

The Amitabh-Shatru sparks have leapt to serious war dimensions. Film-dom can no more be diplomatic, they have to take sides. Shatru, in spite of flops, has a robust future, if nothing else he can boast of good health. Amitabh, apart from the load of roles, stale looks, is again restricted to bed, with only the medicine as partner. According to the doctors, he resumed work too soon after his recent illness. The Sindhi trade group insists that G. P. Sippy had a rush and not so hush-hush meeting to discuss "Shaan" mainly the Amitabh-Shatru feud, plus Amitabh's poor work in "Kaala Patthar".



The trend of the meeting definitely revealed that the Sippys are not going to tolerate any misbehaviour. Shatru was already warned and now they say a similar warning has been issued to Amitabh. This then is the star chart. When he is at the top nobody notices his bad points and pamper his mistakes, be it Jaya or Rekha; the arrow points downward, and funny words like misbehaviour, misuse, etc. crop up. When Amitabh yielded to Jaya's pressure and stopped signing movies with Rekha, he just had a dab of guilt that he had let Rekha down professionally. Little did he realise that he would start coming down and Rekha would remain steady at the box-office. After "Kaala Patthar's" flop the rush is on for "Natwarlal" again.

* * *

"Come Alive", the latest disc of Jagjit Chitra, is accompanied by the sound of hysterical claps, etc. I think the applause sound track must have been recorded at a sports stadium instead of a mehfil. Anyway, Jagjit has got a foothold in film-dom. He will sing a song for a Raj Khosla movie, the lyrics will be by Sahir. And Jagjit has been signed by Shatru's Ramayana Films as music-director.

I. S. Johar has declared that he will not allow the over fifty-five group to vote for him, if he contests the election. That means he himself cannot vote as he is almost sexy-sixty.

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BOMBAY

HMV, Hotel Oberoi Towers and Wills Superstar jointly presented the Discomania '79 Night at the Hotel Oberoi Towers recently.

Astad Deboo and his group presented electrifying dance acts expertly choreographed by Jeanne Naoroji. The highlight of the evening was a disco-dance contest with non-stop disco-music, latest trends in disco-dancing to select the Discomania Superstars.

Mrs. Dimple Khanna gave away the prizes, which comprised HMV Stereo System, HMV Record Player, HMV Records and other gifts from Wills Superstar, to the winners.

Central Bombay Jaycees presented the IV Inter-School Fancy Dress competition sponsored by Kwaliti Food Products, Bangalore. There were 110 entries from 39 schools.

Mr. Vijay Shah, President of Jaycees, presided over the award function held at the Birla Krida Kendra. Mr. Mangaldas Cooverji was the chief guest on the occasion.

In the Age Group-I (three to seven years) the first prize was awarded to Syed Oomar Raza, Blossoms Nursery School. In the Age Group-II (eight to 12 years) Mona Merchant of the Birla Public School, was given the first prize. The panel of judges comprised Mrs. Vanlata Mehta, Mr. Namdev Lahute and Mr. Shailesh Dave.

CALCUTTA

The West Bengal Deaf Women's Association organised an exhibition of arts and crafts, executed by deaf children, at the Academy of Fine Arts. The exhibition was inaugurated by Mr. Mihir Roy, Sheriff of Calcutta. Mrs. Dhara Roy praised the ef-

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

MADRAS

forts of the children and congratulated the Association who, in spite of its handicaps, has continued to encourage the members to take part in different activities.

An exhibition of Charwa metal craft of Bastar was inaugurated at the Calcutta Information Centre. The craftsman, Jaldev Baghel, belongs to the Charwa tribal community and has three generations of metal casting behind him. He was awarded the National Award for metal craft in 1977 and was invited for demonstration to the Moscow exhibition held in 1978. Of particular interest were the tribal festivals in bas relief and the galaxy of tribal deities.

In connection with the Independence Day celebrations, the members of the Lioness Club of Madras Cosmopolitan, distributed a set of clothes each for the trainees of the Jeevan Jyothi production centre. Mr. Balasubramaniam, Vice-chairman of the Madras Metropolitan Development Authority, presided over the function. He lauded the part played by the M.M.D.A. in training girls from the neighbouring slums in tailoring, embroidery, cane-work and manufacturing leather goods. Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, Secretary, proposed a vote of thanks.



1



1. Mrs. Sita Dadlani, President, Sindhi Ladies Social Organisation, held an exhibition entitled "Ladies Wardrobe" at the Aakar Art Gallery, Bombay. Seen on the occasion are (from left) film star Rekha who inaugurated the exhibition, Mrs. Dadlani, Mr. Ram Dadlani and Mrs. Prakash Mehra.

2. The Lioness Club of Calcutta recently distributed sewing machines under the Self Employment Scheme. Seen in the picture are (from left) Mr. P. Garodia, Mr. K. P. Modi, Mrs. Bimla Sonthalia, Mrs. Raj Lakshmi Chouraria, Mr. K. R. Nayak, Mr. C. M. Patel, and others.

3. UNICEF in collaboration with the Andheri Jaycees presented a photo-cum-toys exhibition at the C. J. Hall in Bombay. Picture shows (from left) Mr. T. S. Nagpal, President, Andheri Jaycees, Mr. Sadiq Ali, the chief guest, Mr. A. B. Mehta, a youth club member, Mr. K. M. Thakkar and Mrs. Vimala Somaiah.



4. Members of the Lioness Club of Madras Cosmopolitan distributed clothes for the trainees at the Jeevan Jyothi production centre in Madras.

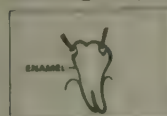


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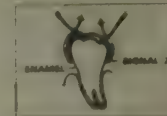
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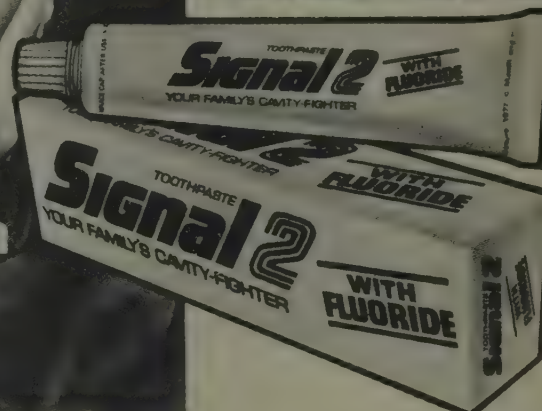
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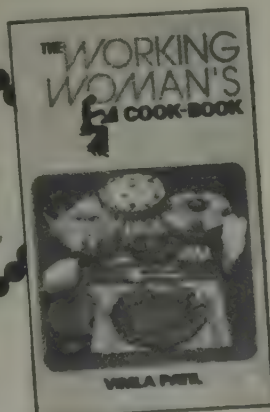
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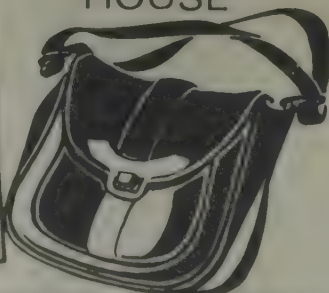
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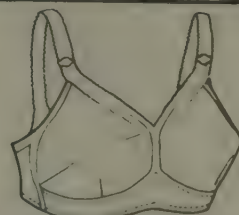
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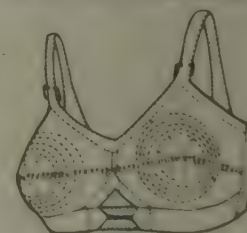
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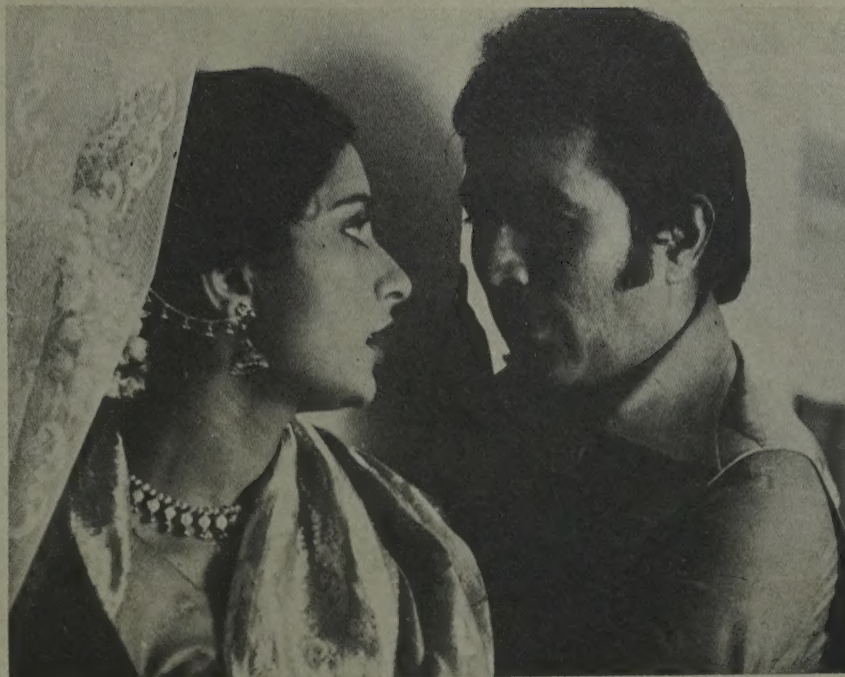
Continued from page 15

Chopra's next two films, one is a love story with Amitabh Bachchan and in the other I'm co-starred with Shashi Kapoor.

"I'm really very lucky to have entered this line with a big banner like Yash Chopra's behind me — it spared me a lot of the hassles and problems which I know so many of the younger starlets have to undergo. The Chopras are like my family members — when I first came to Bombay and had nowhere to stay they found a place for me in their own building and Pam (Yash's wife) took me under her wing until I was able to find a flat for myself.

"The other day it was Pam's birthday and I'd gone over to their house. We were all sitting around talking when Yash began teasing me saying things like, 'Oh, Poonam's a big star now, she won't have time to bother with us anymore.' So I told him very seriously that I'd always have a certain regard and respect for him; after all if it wasn't for him, I'd never have been in this industry, and I have no ego problems about the fact."

Poonam thinks for a while and continues, "Actually, I think I'm stable and level-headed enough to be able to see things in their proper perspective. For instance, I don't intend to go on working forever — I suppose one does get sick of it after some time. Anyway, as long as



Poonam with Rajesh Khanna in "Red Rose".

I'm here I'd like to really do my best and take my work seriously. When I first came into the line I was far too young, only sixteen, and everything seemed more of a lark, but now I've realised one has to be serious about things.

"I know I don't have a 'fast', 'bindaas' kind of image like some of the other new girls, but that's because that's not ME, not the way I really am. And another thing — I wouldn't like to get involved in any scandals or gossip because of my parents. They're rather conservative and orthodox and they'd be furious. They were quite upset about the few bikini pictures I'd posed for, so I've decided not to pose in any

more revealing costumes, unless of course it's for one of my films and the scene requires it."

"I'm especially scared of my mother. I had a pretty tough time convincing her that there was nothing wrong with my wanting to act in films. But she still had a lot of reservations. It was only after she accompanied me to the first outdoor shooting of 'Red Rose' that she grew reconciled to the idea, and discovered that this line isn't half as bad as she thought it was.

"What do I want out of a film career? I think the most important thing is not to be a failure."

There's little doubt Poonam's achieved that already.

PREETILATA

Continued from page 10

escaped with minor injuries. The whole crowd could probably have been annihilated but was not. Was it a woman's innate gentleness, her aversion to bloodshed?

Preetilata blew her whistle and all re-assembled at the appointed place. Preeti ordered them to retreat as an armoured car rushed towards the spot with the head-lights on. They entreated their 'Didi' also to run for safety. In her sweet voice she said, "My journey is to heaven."

The police soon arrived to find that she had given them the slip. She had consumed the cyanide she was carrying with her and had joined Ram Krishna and Nirmalda in the land of the immortals. On her person was found a paper which can be called the last testament of the first martyr among Indian women. It said, among other things, "We are fighting freedom's battle. Today's action is one of the items of that continued fight. British people have snatched away our independence, have bled India white and have played havoc with the lives of millions of Indians, both male and female. So we have been compelled to take up arms against the lives of any and every member of the British community, official or non-official, though it is not at all a pleasant thing for us to take the life of any human being.

"I think I owe an explanation. Unfortunately, there are still many among my countrymen who may be shocked to learn how a woman, brought up in the best traditions of Indian womanhood, has taken to such horrible deeds as the massacre of human lives. Instances are not rare of Rajput ladies of hal- lowed memory fighting bravely in the battlefield. They did not hesitate to kill their country's enemies. The pages of history are replete with high admiration for the heroic exploits of these distinguished ladies. Then, why should we, modern Indian women, be denied the honour of joining this noble fight to redeem our country from foreign domination?"

Whether one agrees with violence or not, one cannot withhold admiration from a heroic soul like Preeti who gave her life to her country in the flower of her youth.

PRESENTATION FUNCTION



The management of Eve's Weekly Ltd. and Sanj Vartaman Press presented wrist watches to employees with service of 25 years and over in the company. Seated are Mr. J. K. Somani, Chairman and Managing Director, and Mr. J. C. Jain, Publisher and Chief Executive, of the company. The recipients are seen standing behind.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK SEPT. 23 — SEPT. 29
John Naylor

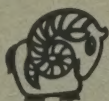
IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

Apart from minor irritations, extra work and a changeable atmosphere in about six months' time, there seems nothing to cloud your immediate horizon. Changes begin to form, both in your general situation and in your own attitude to life and people. In 1981/82 there will be major readjustments in your affairs and you are likely to make a break with the past. Life will be busy, sociable and romantic. Friendly contacts benefit you. Financial prospects are promising; short-distance travel and correspondence are well favoured. Around your 1980 birthday, you will pursue an ambition abandoned some time ago.

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

Life will be rather hectic till mid-October. Unexpected little problems will arise, calling for speedy action. You won't be able to rely overmuch on the people around you, and you could be torn two ways in your love life.



TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

Make the most of opportunities careerwise. You tend to think things through very carefully, but this week, obey your impulses, also your intuition. Home affairs benefit from Jupiter and Mars.



GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

This week, you won't have your usual sure touch with money. You will be careless, fail to keep check of outgoings and also be in an extravagant mood. Apart from this trend, life has enjoyable social activity with romance in the air.



CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

Life should be more relaxed from now on and this week's accent is on home affairs and money matters — with good trends in both areas. Extra funds will come to hand, probably from efforts made recently.



LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)

The accent is on communication, movement and change, so get out of a set routine. Mars in your sign for several weeks will bring an exhilarating atmosphere, an ardent phase for romance, especially if you've been restless lately!



VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Things were rather drifting recently, but life will be pacy soon. Keep up to date, ready to take advantage of a lively but fortunate trend. Jupiter moving into your sign for a long stay is sure to benefit your affairs.



LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Behind the scenes activities will favour you, and your current interests will proceed along lively and rather lucky lines. You are in a progressive period and will soon make an important breakthrough.



SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Some happy meetings, a new flirtation, social activity. In a few weeks' time more dynamic stars will begin to affect your affairs, both business and personal. Someone is putting in a good word for you behind your back!



SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

There is accent on people and places far away. News, if it arrives, should be good. If a legal matter is pending, there should be movement in your favour. The trend is upward for you now and efforts will be rewarded.



CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Consider fresh plans, make a few changes. You should look ahead with confidence. Aim high and you will succeed, for you are in a forward moving period when fresh openings will occur in both business and personal affairs.



AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

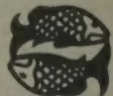
The going will be tough, for several weeks and skill will be needed to keep on top of tasks. Extra responsibilities and work may be thrust upon you for a time. Patience is not one of your virtues and you won't put up with temperamental companions.



PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

You have had difficulties in money matters and personal relationships. But you will be finding people more cooperative now, and your finances may get a boost from an unexpected source. A good time for long-term security issues.



Food, one assumes, provides nourishment, but Americans eat it fully aware that small amounts of poison have been added to improve its appearance and delay its putrefaction.

John Cage

Spread the table and contention will cease.

English Proverb

When a man's stomach is full it makes no difference whether he is rich or poor.

Euripides

One cannot think well, love well, sleep well, if one has not dined well.

Virginia Woolf

It has been well said that a hungry man is more interested in four sandwiches than four freedoms.

Henry Cabot Lodge

The art of dining well is no slight art, the pleasure not a slight experience.

Montaigne

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT FOOD AND EATING

Hunger allows no choice.

W. H. Auden

Part of the secret of success in life is to eat what you like and let the food fight it out inside.

Mark Twain

A dinner lubricates business.

William Scott

There is no authoritative body of comment on food. Like all the deeper personal problems of life, you must face it alone.

Frank Moore Colby

Appetite comes with eating.

Francois Rabelais

I hate a man who swallows his food, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters.

Charles Lamb

Salmon is an animal that lurks in a can and only comes out when unexpected company arrives.

Groucho Marx

Digestion is the great secret of life.

Sydney Smith

Eat to please thyself, dress to please others.

Benjamin Franklin

If any would not work, neither should he eat.

St. Paul

David Gunston

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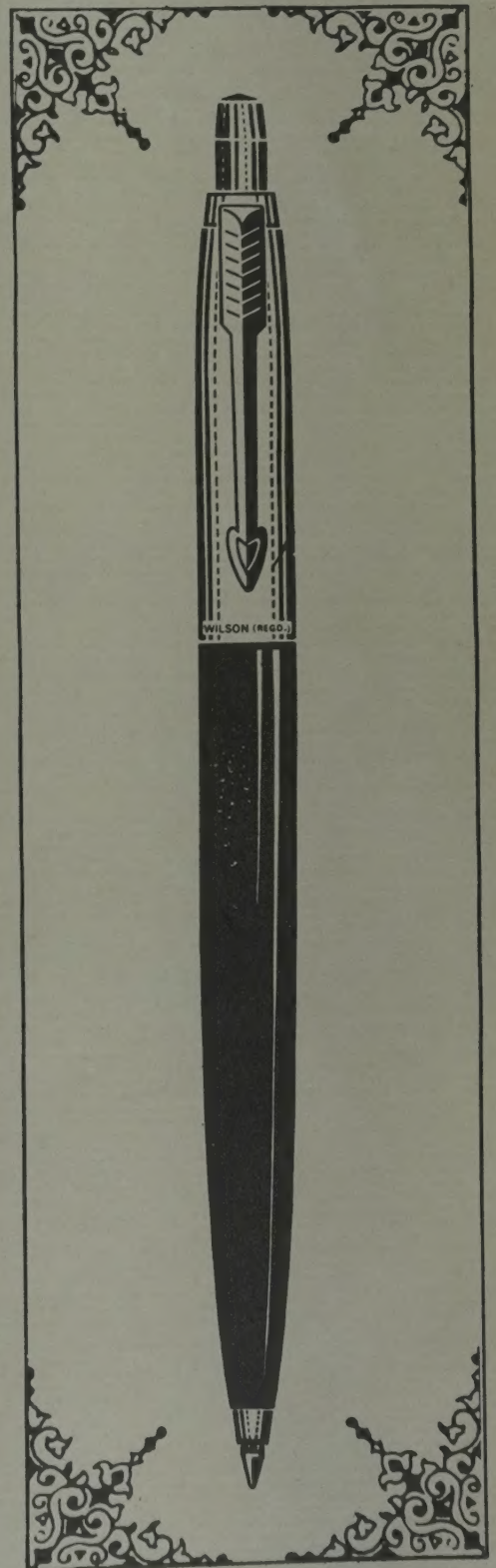
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